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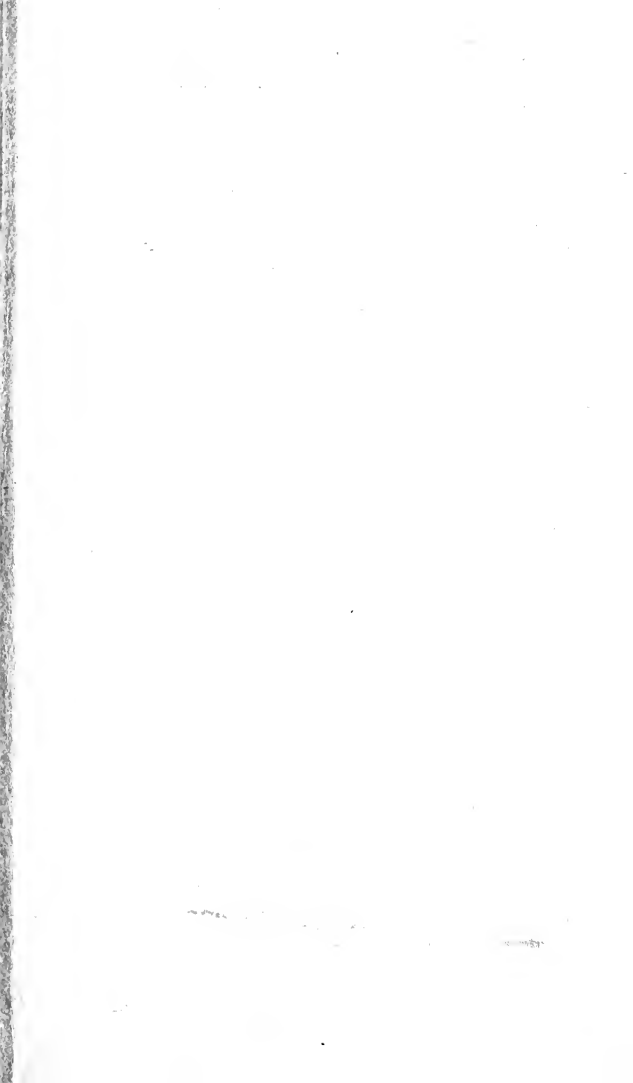
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HORACE IN LONDON.

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Horace in London :

CONSISTING OF

IMITATIONS

OF

THE FIRST TWO BOOKS OF

THE ODES OF HORACE.

BY THE AUTHORS OF
REJECTED ADDRESSES,
OR THE
NEW THEATRUM POETARUM.

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PREFACE.

THE following Imitations of the Odes of Horace were originally written without any regard to regularity of succession. Many of them made their first appearance in a monthly publication, and the Odes best calculated to illustrate the topic of the day were, from time to time, pressed into the service. They are now classed and drilled afresh: new troops, drafted from the Roman battalion, have raised them to their proper complement, and HORACE IN LONDON is in readiness to take the field.

The reader will not fail to discover one inconvenience to which the desultory mode of warfare adopted by these Iambic marauders, on their first enrollment, subjects them

when serving in their present disciplined array. Events are recorded without any regard to chronological succession. Thus the second O. P. War is deprecated in the ode "*O navis referent*" before the commemoration of the first, in the ode, "*Motum ex Metello consule civicum*," with a few other anachronisms of equal moment. But inasmuch as light poetry and grave history do not often boast the same readers, and as the authors did not undertake to present to the public a poetical Annual Register, it is to be hoped the objection will not be held fatal. In their present inroad on Parnassus, it will be found that the authors have prudently abstained from its more elevated regions; they entertain the same opinion of the Roman Bard, in his higher flights, that he entertained of the Theban, and if the merit of familiar gaiety be awarded to them, they will have won all that they aspired to gain.

Had the Authors of REJECTED ADDRESSES listened to the voice of Prudence, they would

have sat silent under the laurels they recently purloined from the brows of their betters, rather than have proved by advancing in propriâ personâ into the Parnassian lists, how much easier a task it is to ridicule good poetry, than to write it. In thus throwing down the gauntlet, they may doubtless be complimented on their *valour*; but valour is composed of two parts. "The worser half," surnamed foolhardiness, was the property of the lean Knight of La Mancha; "the best part of valour, discretion" was emblazoned on the shield of the huge Knight of Eastcheap, and his cautious quaker-like followers, from that good day to the present, have thriven and grown as fat upon it as himself. Which of the two halves falls to the lot of the Imitators of Horace, is too obvious to require mentioning. The fact seems to be, that the God of Song has instigated the authors of Rejected Addresses to the present publication, as an *amende honorable* for the liberties they lately took with his personal property; *stealing laurel* being an of-

fence as contrary to the poetical statute in that case made and provided, as it is derogatory to the privilege, and against the peace of our Lord Apollo, his *crown* and dignity.

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HORACE IN LONDON.

INTRODUCTORY DIALOGUE.

SCENE,—*The Ivory Gate on the Confines of the Shades.*

HORACE. AUTHOR.

Horace. Friend, I have a favour to ask of you.

Author. If the granting it redound to my advantage, I have too much generosity to refuse compliance: name it.

Horace. I dislike Francis's Translation of my Odes.

Author. I hate Duncombe's.

Horace. And I think Boscawen's might be improved. Will you undertake a new version?

Author. Upon what terms?

Horace. The prospect, if successful, of universal applause; the Reviews will dub you head rhymer of a rhyming age. An engraver may

scratch a kit-cat likeness of you to scare the foot passengers in Pall Mall. You will be asked to dinner once in your life by each of the wealthy would-be Mæcenases that start up as numerous, and almost as empty, as Queen Anne's churches, and will be tolerably sure of a niche among the Martyrs of Pindus in Poet's Corner. "Exegi Monumentum, &c." What think you of that?

Author. Tempting offers, I confess.

Horace. You agree, then.

Author. No.

Horace. No! Quare non?

Author. For two reasons.

Horace. Name them.

Author. Your demerits and my own.

Horace. My demerits! ha, ha, hah! you and I are the last people whose demerits can gratify the malice of the critics.

Author. Why so?

Horace. Because you have written so little as to be beneath their notice, while I have written so much as to be above their envy. If Quintus Horatius Flaccus, the friend of Augustus, and the favourite of the Muses, may be so bold as to question one whose propensity to fish in troubled

waters ought to condemn him to a large goblet of Sadak's waters of oblivion, may I beg you to elucidate the expression of—"your demerits and my own."

Author. Certainly ; and first of the last, namely, myself——

Horace. I am all attention——proceed.

Author. To translate your Odes with propriety would require almost as much talent as to write them. If, indeed, the blue-coated youth in Guild-hall, who must laugh in his sleeve, notwithstanding the tightness of it, at the thoughts of the revolutions he effects, should dub me lord of twenty thousand pounds, my friends would convince me that I possessed abilities more than equal to the task. At present they give me credit for little money, and of course for little wit.

Horace. They are right : of what use is the one, in your commercial clime, unless it procure the other ?

Author. Besides, who in his senses would write what nobody reads ? How many farthings do the good folks of London care about Vitellius, and Crassus, and Mæcenas ; Lydia, Thaliarchus, and Mount Soracte ? Every one of them a mere caput

mortuum, believe me ; and as to the groves of the ancients, they have all become hollow trees for pedant owls to roost in.

Horace. Envy, by the Gods ! My works have delighted all ages.

Author. Life, says Shakespeare, consists of seven ages ; and you are apt to be discarded after the second. I remember you of old, when I was

“ Creeping like snail unwillingly to school,” and in revenge for the many prosodial stripes your confounded “—*Mæcenas atavis edite regibus*” brought upon me, I made a solemn vow to cast you into the Ocean in usum Delphini, at my very first trip to Margate. In keeping my oath I lost my Horace, and have washed my hands of you ever since.

Horace. You do me and yourself injustice. Do not jest at the expence of truth. Pray what book is this ? “*Quinti Horatii Flacci Opera*,” as I live ! Oh, flattering eulogium !

Author. Not altogether so flattering, for this naturally leads me to the other head of my discourse : *your* demerits.

Horace. Aye, now you’ll be puzzled. “*Non ego paucis offendar maculis.*”

Author. The quotation is from yourself: if you are wise keep it to yourself. Let us open your book, and pitch upon an ode at a venture, as sailors dip for salt pork.

Horace. Sortes Horatianæ! agreed.

Author. What have we here? “Integer vitæ scelerisque purus.” Aye, this ode has been much admired by the shoal of learned Ignoramuses who can find nothing bad in a man’s book when he’s dead, and nothing good when he’s alive; and yet in my opinion it is little better than downright nonsense.

Horace. Oh monstrous! how, pray?

Author. You set out at your full speed, like a Sunday apprentice on a hack horse, with a prancing moral precept, that a virtuous man needs no other armour than conscious integrity. This is a sentiment of which Addison, Hervey, Hugh Kelly, or Mr. Drake himself need not have been ashamed: and if put into the mouth of a Drury Lane actor, accompanied by a fierce look, a thump on the left breast, and a semi-circular strut, in the long interval between green curtain and foot-lights, would gain the happy votary of Thespis three rounds of applause. Thus far in safety: but halt! we are

come to a turnpike. The next thing is an illustration of this sublime and novel position.

Horace. Very well, Sir, pray go on.

Author. One naturally expects the example to be Cato or Brutus, Wilkes, Burdett, Gale Jones, or some such Patriot ; but how are our expectations gratified ? You proceed to say, that while you were singing the praises of Miss Lalage, (a lady, I presume, whose beauty was even greater than her modesty,) you met a wolf, who took to his heels at the sight of you. Pray, most doughty sir, of what was he afraid ? Not of your valour, if he had heard of your “*Relictâ non bene permulâ.*” Your moral qualities, putting Madam Lalage out of the question, were not perceptible to the eyes of a wolf, and you admit that your person was unprotected by any weapon.

Horace. Excellent ! this would be provoking to any but an Epicure converted to Stoicism. Pray finish your exhortation.

Author. Your conclusion is worthy your precept and illustration ; namely, that in whatever part of the globe you may chance to be placed, you will persist in singing the praises of the aforesaid Lalage, although her only merit seems to have been

that of keeping the wolf from the door. A most desirable quality, I admit, in the mistress of a Grub Street poet, but of little use to the well fed favorite of Augustus.

Horace. Ha, ha, hah! You see I bear your ill-natured critique with the most perfect good humour; but zounds! sir, do you mean to assert—?

Author. No—I am only pointing out the inconsistency of your own assertions, particularly when you prove your good humour by a “zounds! sir.”

Horace. Well, well, it's natural to forget one's a Stoic, when the least thing happens to provoke one. To let you into a secret, that ode was written at three distinct periods: the first part in a lucid interval of temperance: the second when I was half seas over in a cask of Falernian, and the third when I was solus cum solâ with the God's less of my Idolatry.

Author. Be it so: we will now do what I have threatened to do half my life, turn over a new leaf.

Horace. Agreed, here's something solemn.
“*Parcus deorum cultor et infrequens.*”

Author. In this ode you tell us that you had hitherto been a very wicked fellow, snapping your fingers at Jupiter, and never visiting his temple

except in a shower of rain ; in short, a complete Roman Bunyan ; but that you had lately seen your errors, and were enrolled in the regiment of the true Faith. Bravo ! Pegasus at full speed again. Now comes the reason of this miraculous conversion. “ I was overtaken,” you say, “ by a terrible storm of thunder and lightening, and Jupiter is so powerful he can do what he pleases.” Indeed ! a wonderful event, and a wonderful discovery ! I cannot help quoting in your teeth the words of your best modern imitator.

What woeful stuff this madrigal would be
In some starved hackney sonneteer—or me ;
But let a lord once own the happy lines,
How the wit brightens, how the sense refines !
Before his sacred name flies every fault,
And each exalted stanza teems with thought.

Horace. Upon my word, sir, I have been accustomed to ———

Author. Less truth and more complaisance. I know it ; but as long as I possess eyes of my own, I will not borrow a pair of pedant spectacles from any University in the Universe. Then again you

are always cramming that confounded Falernian down the throats of your readers. Continually hob and nobbing. “Nunc est bibendum, quo me Bacche rapis?” at every page : and telling us that if we would be favorites of Venus we must sacrifice to Bacchus : a position of which the very porter in Macbeth has sober sense enough to prove the falsity.

Horace. Very pretty, sir, very pretty indeed ! but I see your aim, sir. You suspect me to be one of the genus irritabile.

Author. No I don't :—I am certain of it, I have therefore pleasure in bearing testimony to the excellence of your Satires and Epistles. There you are unrivalled.

Horace. My dear sir, I did not mean to dispute your judgment in *every* thing. You think my Satires and Epistles ———

Author. As much above my present praise, as they are foreign to my present purpose. It is your odes of which we are now treating. A verbal translation of them I will not attempt.

Horace. Then I may take my departure to the Elysian Fields. Son of Maia, order round my barge !

Author. Stop, a thought has struck me. What say you to a work entitled "HORACE IN LONDON," consisting of parodies and imitations of your odes? Converting the Amphitheatre into Drury Lane, Mæcenas into Lord Such a one, the Palatine Mount into Tower Hill, and in short, writing as I suppose you would have written, had you lived in these times, and in the metropolis of Great Britain.

Horace. An excellent thought! It will insure me an increase of readers. A man milliner will enter Hyde Park who would fly from the Campus Martius, and a citizen may be enticed up Highgate Hill, who would turn with disdain from Mount Soracte, because there is no ordinary on Sunday on the top of it.

Author. Such is my plan. As long as you are pointed and witty, I shall feed my Pegasus at the same manger. When you are flat, prosaic, and insipid, (which, under favor, you sometimes are, especially at your conclusions, where you ought to be most epigrammatic, witness your "Animumque reddas"—"immeritamque vestem"—"Mercuriusque &c. &c.") I shall take the liberty of starting from the course, and being as pointed and poetical as I please.

Horace. Rather say as you can.

Author. Good—Agreed. And I moreover give you fair notice, that as I shall have lame metaphors enough of my own to answer for, I will not be accountable for yours.

Horace. Mine ! Where will you find them ?

Author. Not at the first dip, perhaps, but certainly without any very tedious search,—voyons !—Book I, Ode 27. What have we here ?

Quantâ laboras in Charybdi !

Digne, puer, meliore flamma.

An intermixture of fire and water, which in modern days would create more than one sort of hiss.

Horace. That I confess was an oversight.

Author. I wish all your commentators had done the same ; they would have saved themselves and us a world of fatigue ; but what commentator would not rather set a thousand modern readers to sleep, than acknowledge one Homeric nod in an ancient writer ?

Horace. I will overlook all your faults if you will but cease your criticisms, and give a specimen of your performance.

Author. On those conditions you may turn immediately to the next page. Now then thou peerless poet, thou real Roman pearl, not to be adulterated by all the vinegar in critical Christendom, “let’s to’t like French Falconers,” or rather, like English tilters,—London is the scene of our poetical tournament. Be thou the Achilles of the Lists, the Patroclus I; and if perchance I hurl a spear sharp enough to provoke the retort courteous, do thou bestride me, and balancing thy shield of half a ton troy weight over my head, swear that the offence proceeded from the original Latin.

Horace. Which you will publish of course.

Author. Not I indeed.

Horace. Not publish my Latin!

Author. No, I tell you.—Scholars will always possess the means of immediate reference to the original, and the unlearned will not think my page the more lively for being encumbered with a dead language.

Horace. Not publish my Latin!!

Author. No, I repeat, except the first line.

Horace. If that be the case, I have only to utter this parting prophecy. The moment the dark chambers of your brain cease to be enlightened by

the presence of my Roman lamp, good night to all your brilliant hopes; and though I shall march back to Elysium with all the slow dignity of the last of the Romans, trust me, I shall go off much quicker than—the first of your editions.

[Exeunt severally.]

BOOK I. ODE I.

Mæcenatavis edite regibus.

To John Bull, Esq.

DREAD Sir! half human, half divine,
 Descended from a lengthen'd line
 Of heroes famed in story—
 Of Ocean undisputed lord ;
 Of Europe and her recreant horde
 The “ riddle, jest and glory.”

What various sports attract your sons !
 Some to Hyde Park escape from duns,
 In curriclè or tandem :
 In dusty clouds envelop'd quite,
 Like Jove, who from Olympus height,
 Hurls thunderbolts at random.

One draws his gold from Lombard Street,
Amongst the Lords to buy a seat,
 The Lord knows why or wherefore :
Another, give him rural sports,
And crouded cities, splendid courts,
 He not a jot will care for.

The merchant, baulk'd by Boreas, vents
His idle anger, and laments
 Some luckless speculation :
Of ease, and Clapham Common talks,
But soon on Gresham's murmuring walks
 Resumes his daily station.

This makes the jolly God his theme,
In claret drowns Aurora's beam,
 And riots with the friskers :
That a dragoon, delights in arms,
And thoughtless of Mamma's alarms,
 Sports high-heel'd boots and whiskers.

The hunter quits his bed at five,
The fox or timorous deer to drive
 Down precipices horrid,
And carries home, returning late,
A trophy for his amorous mate,
 The antlers on his forehead !

Me toil and ease alternate share,
Books, and the converse of the fair,
 (To see is to adore 'em ;)
With these and London for my home,
I envy not the joys of Rome,
 The Circus or the Forum !

If you, great Sir, will deign to vote
For Horace, in his London coat,
 Nor check my classic fury ;
Great Magog of the lyric train,
I'll mount to kiss the Muses twain,
 Who face the Gods of Drury.

ODE II.

HURLY BURLY!

Jam satis terris nivis, atque diræ.

ENOUGH! the dog has had his day,
The cat has mew'd her hour :
Th' imprison'd *Gale* is blown away,
Burdett has fled the Tower.
The nation fear'd those scenes of woe,
So fatal thirty years ago,
When dreading neither axe nor rope,
An outward Christian, inward Jew,
Fierce Gordon led th' enthusiast crew
To persecute the Pope.

Oh fatal and disastrous year !

When oyster-vending dames,
Made London's train bands disappear,
And wrapp'd her walls in flames :
The chimney sweep assail'd the shop,
The 'prentice climb'd the chimney top,
Impunity made cowards bold :
While Plutus in his last retreat,
Stood trembling in *Threadneedle Street*,
And hugg'd his bags of gold.

We saw the mob, like Oceans' flood,
By howling tempests driven,
Assail the King's dragoons with mud,
And menace old St. Stephen.
Again they rage, the bird is flown ;
Sir Francis, aw'd by *Whitbread's* frown,
'To father Thames commits his fate :
In secret the uxorious tide,
Safe bears him to the Surrey side,
To join his anxious mate.

From street to street Bellona runs,
In dark blue ribbons clad :
To hear the tale, our sober sons
Will think their fathers mad.
What power can awe the impending Gaul,
What psalm avert Britannia's fall,
What sacred tabbies stop the evil ?
Has *Southcott*, in her straw built cell,
No talisman, no mutter'd spell,
To drive away the Devil ?

Ah no ! for still from south to north,
Sedition swells the gale !
Come then, at folly's call, roll forth,
Ye tubs to faction's whale.
Come, *Winsor's* lamp, *Polito's* apes,
Come *Hawke*, thou peer of many capes,
Pearl-button'd and drab-coated spark !
And thou, the dame of wicked wit,
Round whom the infant hoaxes flit,
Come, mighty *Mistress Clarke*.

And thou, great saint, at humour's call,
Joy of the rabble, come !

Whose praise the Smithfield muses bawl,
With rattle, horn, and drum.

When Saturnalian sports draw near,
Three days in each revolving year,
'Tis thine to lead the frolic hours :

Heed not, dread sir, thy loss of skin,

Thy jocund revelry and din

Have made us jump from ours.

Come, too, *Mendoza*, foe to ham,

Whose fame no bruise can sully ;

Come, wary *Crib*, Batavian *Sam*,

And last, not least, come *Gully*.

Assuming the dictator's seat,

Late to thy Plough in *Carey Street*,

Return to end thy halcyon days :

Long may'st thou rally, hit, and stop,

And may no envious Newgate-drop

Put out thy glory's blaze.

While amateurs, for fame athirst,
Entwine with ardent vows
The laurel wreath at *Moulsey Hurst*,
Around thy batter'd brows,
If any sheriff dare to wield
His wand to clear th' embattled field,
Stand forth, and down the gauntlet fling ;
With frequent fists the intruder check,
Or grasp his chain-encircled neck,
And *fib* him from the ring.

ODE III.

THE BARONET'S YACHT.

Sic te Diva potens Cypri.

DEAR Venus, quit Idalia's lawn,
 In Cyprian car by turtles drawn,
 At Neptune's sea-green footstool fawn,
 And make him, *willy nilly* ;
 Sweet oil upon the waters pour,
 And thus the venturous YACHT restore,
 That carried off from *Thanet's* shore,
 My soul's best half—SIR BILLY.

He surely view'd in looking-glass,
 A nose of copper, cheek of brass,
 Who thus in feeble *yacht* could pass
 Within the range of cannons :

When hostile squadrons beat the hoof,
And citizens won't keep aloof,
Hat, boot, and stocking water-proof,
I reckon *sine qua nons*.

That hardy mortal knows not fear,
Who ventures out from *Ramsgate Pier*,
And as the Gallic cliffs draw near,
With careless eye looks at 'em—
But bolder he himself who coops
In his own little bark, nor stoops
To heed the quizzing of the troops,
Led by the EARL OF CHATHAM.

In vain shall Neptune's prudent tide,
Old *Kent* from *Picardy* divide;
Sir William's boat in painted pride,
Unites the coasts again.
He undulates on Ocean's swell,
Like her who rules *Idalia's dell*,
Drawn by a *turtle* in a *shell**
Triumphant o'er the main.

* This marine delicacy was said to be suspended to the
prow of the Yacht.

What wonders all the papers fill !
With rockets now the foe we kill,
We burrow under *Highgate Hill*,
Each day outdoes the other.
See through *Pall Mall* each lovely lass,
By night illuminated pass,
While *WINSON* lights, with flame of gas,
Home to *King's Place*—his mother.

In *parachute* by way of change,
With *Garnerin* in air we range,
Surpassing all the wonders strange
That e'er *Munchausen* told us.
Great *Jupiter* ! for mercy's sake,
Me to a cooler planet take,
For at this rate we soon shall make
The world too hot to hold us !

ODE IV.

BRIGHTON.

Solvitur acris hyems gratâ vice veris.

Now fruitful autumn lifts his sun-burnt head,
The slighted Park few cambric muslins whiten,
The dry machines revisit Ocean's bed,
And Horace quits awhile the town for *Brighton*.

The cit foregoes his box at Turnham Green,
To pick up health and shells with Amphitrite,
Pleasure's frail daughters trip along the Steyne,
Led by the dame the Greeks call Aphrodite.

Phœbus, the tanner, plies his fiery trade,
The graceful nymphs ascend Judea's ponies,
Scale the west cliff, or visit the parade,
While poor papa in town a patient drone is.

Loose trowsers snatch the wreath from pantaloons ;
Nankeen of late were worn the sultry weather in;
But now, (so will the Prince's Light Dragoons,)
White jean have triumph'd o'er their Indian brethren.

Here with choice food earth smiles and ocean yawns,
Intent alike to please the London glutton,
This, for our breakfast proffers shrimps and prawns,
That, for our dinner, South-down lamb and mutton.

Yet here, as elsewhere, death impartial reigns,
Visits alike the cot and the *Pavilion*,
And for a bribe, with equal scorn disdains
My half a crown, and *Baring's* half a million.

Alas! how short the span of human pride !
Time flies, and hope's romantic schemes are undone;
Cosweller's coach, that carries four inside,
Waits to take back the unwilling bard to London.

Ye circulating novelists, adieu !
Long envious cords my black portmanteau tighten;
Billiards, begone ! avaunt, illegal loo !
Farewell old Ocean's bauble, glittering Brighton !

Long shalt thou laugh thine enemies to scorn,
Proud as Phœnicia, queen of watering places !
Boys yet unbreech'd, and virgins yet unborn,
On thy bleak downs shall tan their blooming
faces.

ODE V.

THE JILT.

Quis multa gracilis te puer in rosa.

SAY, Lucy, what enamour'd spark
 Now sports thee through the gazing Park
 In new barouche or tandem;
 And, as infatuation leads,
 Permits his reason and his steeds
 To run their course at random?

Fond youth, those braids of ebon hair,
 Which to a face already fair
 Impart a lustre fairer;
 Those locks which now invite to love,
 Soon unconfin'd and false shall prove,
 And changeful as the wearer.

Unpractised in a woman's guile,
Thou think'st, perchance, her halcyon smile
 Portends unruffled quiet :
That, ever charming, fond and mild,
No wanton thoughts, or passions wild,
 Within her soul can riot.

Alas ! how often shalt thou mourn,
(If nymphs like her, so soon forsworn,
 Be worth a moment's trouble,)
How quickly own, with sad surprise,
The paradise that bless'd thine eyes
 Was painted on a bubble.

In her accommodating creed
A lord will always supersede
 A commoner's embraces :
His lordship's love contents the fair,
Until enabled to ensnare
 A nobler prize—his Grace's !

Unhappy are the youths who gaze,
Who feel her beauty's maddening blaze,
And trust to what she utters !
For me, by sad experience wise,
At rosy cheeks or sparkling eyes,
My heart no longer flutters.

Chamber'd in Albany, I view
On every side a jovial crew
Of Benedictine neighbours.
I sip my coffee, read the news,
I own no mistress but the muse,
And she repays my labours.

And should some brat her love bespeak,
(Though illegitimate and weak
As these unpolish'd verses ;)
A father's joys shall still be mine,
Without the fear of parish fine,
Bills, beadles, quacks, or nurses.

ODE VI.

WALTER SCOTT.

Scriberis Vario fortis, et hostium.

O CHIVALRY, thy gallant reign,
In prancing epic-ballad strain,
Let Walter Scott indite ;
Chaunting the deeds inspir'd by thee,
When red-cross knights arm'd cap-a-pee,
Rode at the ring full gallantly,
Or triumph'd in the fight,

For me, I strive not, by my fay,
To imitate the *minstrel's lay*,
Tracing the *Palmer* on his way,
Through Scottish bourn and brake :
Unform'd for hero's deeds, I shun
The strain of lordly *Marmion*,
Or *Lady of the Lake*.

My modest muse, unskill'd in flights
Of Caledonia's border knights,
Forbears their glories to rehearse
In peaceful unassuming verse.
Who can describe with honours due
Of northern clans the endless crew,
Creating endless war?
Unnumber'd *Macs*, of accent rude,
The *Gordon*, *Home*, and *Huntley* brood,
Grames, *Fosters*, *Fenwicks*, who pursued
The amorous *Lochinvar*.

Whether or not I feel love's pain,
I love the light accusom'd strain.
I sing no feast in *hall* so gay,
Save that upon my *Lord Mayor's Day*;
Record no arrow's fatal flight,
Save Cupid's, feather'd with delight,
And shoot alone my bloodless darts,
From beauty's eyes to lover's hearts.

ODE VII.

THE OUSTED TREASURER.

Laudabunt alii claram Rhodon.

To Harry ——— Esq.

SOME talk of Betterton and Booth,
And some above all praise, forsooth,
Extol their Idol Garrick ;
Others will other names rehearse,
And celebrate their praise in verse,
Familiar or Pindaric.

With me not Barrymore's small note,
Nor Betty's gently whispering throat,
Nor Righi's manly quaver,
Nor Munden's freedom from grimace,
Nor Dignum's bold expressive face,
Are half so much in favor,

As jovial Cooke, whose thirsty soul
Quaffs inspiration from the bowl

 Whene'er his spirits falter :
His grief and joy, his love and ire,
Are born of Bacchus, and their fire
 Is stolen from his altar.

So, Harry, whether doom'd to roam
In banner'd camps, or lounge at home

 In Twickenham's shady bowers,
Drink, and corroding cares resign,
Drink and illume with sparkling wine,
 Life's dark and stormy hours.

From Somerset's beloved house
Where lazy treasurers carouse

 When Bardolph was ejected,
His nose with purple blossoms crown'd,
'Tis said he call'd his friends around,
 And thus their grief corrected.

Oh, ousted elves ! companions boon !
May Fortune's wheel revolving soon,
 Prove kinder than our master :
Let us but stick together still,
With Sherry's luck and Sherry's skill
 We yet may brave disaster.

For know, my friends, the Prince has sworn,
Although these sinecures be torn
 Away from our pretensions,
That in some dear uncertain hour,
A future Somerset shall shower
 On us its posts and pensions.

Ye whose stout hearts would ne'er submit
To all the eloquence of Pitt,
 Fired with the love of places,
Drink deep and banish care and woe,
To-morrow we are doom'd to know,
 Short commons and long faces.

ODE VIII.

To HUNTINGDON, the Preacher.

Lydia dic per omnes.

By those locks so lank and sable,
 Which adown thy shoulders hang,
 By thy phiz right lamentable,
 And thy humming nasal twang ;

Huntingdon, thou queer fanatic,
 Tell me why thy love and grace,
 Thus invade my servant's attic,
 To unfit him for his place.

For the new light ever pining,
 Thomas groans, and hums and ha's ;
 But alas ! the light is shining,
 Only through his lanthorn jaws.

May-pole prauks and fiddle scrapers
In his eye sight change their hue,
Lowering Athanasian vapours,
Cloud his brain with devils blue.

From his fellows far asunder,
Tom enjoys his morning stave :
Works are but a heathen blunder ;
Faith alone has power to save.

From young Hal the tavern waiter,
Oft the boxing prize he'd carry ;
Now the pious gladiator,
Wrestles only with Old Harry.

Potent once at quoits and cricket,
Head erect and heart elate,
Now, alas ! he heeds no wicket,
Save John Bunyan's wicket gate.

As some clown in listing season,
Blinds himself to shun the ranks ;
Tom, because he blinds his reason,
Thinks to play his pious pranks.

But if such his holy rage is
Let it be its own reward ;
I'll no longer pay his wages ;
Me he serves not, but the Lord.

ODE IX.

WINTER.

Vides, ut altâ stet nive candidum
Soracte.

SEE Richmond is clad in a mantle of snow;
The woods that o'ershadow'd the hill,
Now bend with their load, while the river below,
In musical murmurs forgetting to flow,
Stands mournfully frozen and still.

Who cares for the winter! *my* sun beams shall
shine

Serene from a register stove;
With two or three jolly companions to dine,
And two or three bottles of generous wine,
The rest I relinquish to Jove.

The oak bows its head in the hurricane's swell,
Condemn'd in its glory to fall :
The marigold dies unperceiv'd in the dell,
Unable alike to retard or impel,
The crisis assign'd to us all.

Then banish to-morrow, its hopes and its fears ;
To-day is the prize we have won :
Ere surly old age in its wrinkles appears,
With laughter and love, in your juvenile years
Make sure of the days as they run.

The park and the playhouse *my* presence shall
greet,
The opera yield its delight ;
Catalani may charm me, but oh ! far more sweet,
The musical voice of *Laurette* when we meet
In *tête-à-tête* concert at night.

False looks of denial in vain would she fling,
In vain to some corner be gone ;
And if in our kisses I snatch off her ring,
It is, to my fancy, a much better thing
Than a kiss after putting one on !

ODE X.

TRIBUTARY STANZAS to GRIMALDI

THE CLOWN.

Mercuri facunde, nepos Atlantis.

FACETIOUS mime ! thou enemy of gloom,
Grandson of Momus, blithe and debonnair,
Who, aping Pan, with an inverted broom,
Can'st brush the cobwebs from the brows of care.

Our gallery Gods immortalize thy song ;
Thy Newgate thefts impart ecstatic pleasure ;
Thou bid'st a jew's-harp charm a Christian throng,
A Gothic salt-box teem with attic treasure.

When harlequin, his charmer to regain,
Courts her embrace in many a queer disguise,
The light of heels looks for his sword in vain ;
Thy furtive fingers snatch the magic prize.

The fabled egg from thee obtains its gold ;
Thou set'st the mind from critic bondage loose,
Where male and female cacklers, young and old,
Birds of a feather, hail the sacred Goose.

Even pious souls, from *Bunyan's* durance free,
At Sadlers Wells applaud thy agile wit,
Forget old Care while they remember thee,
“ *Laugh the heart's laugh,*” and haunt the jovial pit.

Long may'st thou guard the prize thy humour won,
Long hold thy court in pantomimic state,
And to the equipoise of English fun,
Exalt the lowly, and bring down the great.

ODE XI.

FORTUNE TELLING.

To Laura.

Tu ne quæsieris scire (nefas) quem mihi, quem tibi.

DEAR girl, from cabalistic lore,
Seek not your fortunes to explore,
Or find your destin'd lover :
Nor horoscopes, nor starry skies,
Nor flattering gypsy prophecies,
Can e'er your fate discover.

To Fortune's dreaded power resign'd,
Endure with philosophic mind,
Her favour or her malice :
Unmindful of your future doom,
Of present life enjoy the bloom,
And quaff from Pleasure's chalice.

To-day the sunny hours dance by,
Dispensing roses as they fly :

O snatch them ! for to-morrow,
Assail'd by tempests, drooping, dead,
Perchance their flowers may only shed,
The dewy tears of sorrow.

Time flies—Death threatens to destroy—
The wise condense life's scatter'd joy
Within a narrow measure :
Then, Laura, bring the sparkling bowl,
And let us yield the raptur'd soul,
To laughter, love, and pleasure.

ODE XII.

To Emanuel Swedenborg.

Quem virum, aut heroa, lyrâ vel acrit.

WHAT mortal, or immortal wight,
Man, dæmon, demigod, or sprite,
My harp, shall break thy slumbers?
Whom Echo o'er Bœotia's hill,
And Aganippe's shady rill,
Shall chaunt in sportive numbers?

Mine be the strain that Orpheus pour'd,
When Hell's grim monarch he implor'd
Euridice to render:
And listening Pluto spar'd his life,
But *nearly* gave him back his wife,
To punish the offender.

If songs could bid the dead arise,
Whom should I sooner eulogize,
 Than SWEDENBORG the pious ?
To whom the mystic world was shown,
Of spirits that to us unknown,
 Are ever skipping nigh us.

None can surpass this ghostly seer,
Who smoak'd his pipe, or quaff'd his beer
 Above with his protectors ;
None equal, second none to him,
Who pour'd upon our optics dim
 A cataract of spectres.

Next LEWIS, Goose's child, shall come,
With Mother Bunch's *Fee-fa-fum* !
 In goblin tales to revel—
The maid who dragg'd the *Monk* to hell,
The bleeding Nun that ran pell-mell
 With *Raymond* to the devil.

Successive now my subject boasts,
The noted *Hammersmith* twin ghosts,
 Who rivall'd one another ;
One born to frighten rustics—one
To perish by a rustic's gun,
 Who took him for his brother*.

Soon as he fell, the tumult o'er,
The gloom was clear'd, their fears no more,
 The gossip tales were ended ;
And he that frighten'd all around,
(So will'd the Fates) upon the ground
 Innocuous lay extended.

* A Hammersmith wag some time ago dressed himself as a ghost, and was very successful in frightening the watchmen, and other old women, until he was obliged to give up the ghost in a very unexpected manner. A wiseacre in the neighbourhood, forgetting that if it were a real ghost he would be only throwing away his powder, if a sham one his life, was infatuated enough to fire at and kill the unfortunate spectre, for which he was capitally indicted, and we believe condemned to death, but afterwards pardoned.

Who shall the mighty theme prolong?
 O Clio, patroness of song,
 Say, what successor fit is,
 Whether GILES SCROGGINS next should come,
 MISS BAILEY, or old GAFFER THUMB,
 Who sang their own sad ditties.

To louder Pæans swell the chord,
 Worthy the BIRD-BEHOLDING LORD,
 So prodigal of fable ;
 Who told us of the hunter sprite,
 That flogg'd itself the live long night,
 Then gallopp'd from the stable*.

An uncomb'd girl surpass'd the peer,
 Offspring of poverty severe,
 In garret dark residing ;
 She gave to life the COCK LANE GHOST,
 A nation's eyes and ears engross'd,
 E'en JOHNSON's skill deriding.

* See the Letters attributed to Lord Lyttleton,

Old Scratch (if parsons tell us true,)
With her found board and lodging too,
 And help'd her pranks to hide well ;
'Till magistrates and bishops drove
This modern *Joan* to shine above
 The minor cheats of Bridewell.

O SWEDENBORG, the guardian friend
Of ghostly wights, our prayers attend,
 And prosper COLTON's glory :*
Exalted let his genius shine,
Second, great seer, alone to thine
 In spiritual story.

* Our readers cannot have altogether forgotten the Sampford ghost, whose spirituality the Rev. Mr. Colton offered to prove by a wager, having previously received the depositions of Messrs. Chave, Dodge, Moon, and Miss Sally, who were sworn upon a Greek Testament. The Taunton Courier commented with a good deal of sarcastic pleasantry upon the evidence adduced ; but the unearthly visitor was not to be exorcised by newspaper criticisms, and redoubled his formidable thumpings and bumpings. His comical freaks have lately produced very tragical consequences ; the Exeter

Whether the *Sampford Ghost* to seek,

He bid the rustics swear in Greek,

Chave's servant, wife, and TALLEY;

Or whether, in the dead of night,

The doors and windows fasten'd tight,

He goes to *dodge* with *Sally*.

Jailor, a man remarkable for strength and courage, volunteered to discover the juggle, and to pass a night in the haunted chamber. Armed with a sword and bible, and illuminated by two large mould candles, (three to the pound,) he took his station, when at the "very witching time of night," the sword was violently wrenched from his hand, and the spectre served out to him a specimen of Molyneux's right and left hits that would not have disgraced the sable hero himself. All this while the assailant was invisible, and "the steel'd jailor, seldom the friend of man," was still less the friend of goblins; he was carried home in a sort of stupor, and expired a few days after.—Upon another occasion, when the knockings under the floor were very loud and lively, an incredulous rustic took up one of the boards, and stood between the rafters, when the sounds instantly ceased; "O, ho!" quoth he, "have I found you out? I always said it was a lame story."—But his triumph was short; he was saluted with such a thump on the sole of the foot, that he had a lame story of his own to carry home to his family, and the

E'en Mr. Moon no light could shed,
To tell who 'twas that shook the bed,
And carried such a farce on,—
A ghost no doubt it was, for no man
Would thump and kick a silly woman,
To fright a sillier parson.

knockings increased, as if resolved to eclipse the noise of Don Quixote's fulling mills. It is not long since an honest neighbour called on Mr. C. to laugh at his credulity, and reason him, if possible, out of what he called his nervous delusions, when lo! in the midst of their conversation a heavy step was heard descending the stairs; "That is the ghost's step," said Mr C. drawing his chair close to his visitor. Thump! thump! thump! The door opens, footsteps are heard loud as of the ghost in Don Juan, though nought is visible; they seem to pass between the chairs, though touching each other; the sceptic and his friend are unmolested, but the object of this unwelcome visit is soon manifested. Sally, or Molly, was at the side board; they hear blows and screams, and when they had courage to approach the poor girl they found she had been piteously belaboured about the shoulders, after which usual exercise of his spleen, perhaps to create an appetite, the hobgoblin "started like a guilty thing," and fled.

O Swedenborg, thy fame is lost,
COLTON has verified his ghost,
By wagering a guinea :
In vengeance thou thy wig shalt shake,
And make the Taunton Courier quake,
For proving him a ninny.

The female sex engrosses the chief share of his pugilistic devoirs, for which he has satisfactorily accounted in replying to questions solemnly put to him both in Greek and Hebrew, (which he has at his finger's ends) by divulging that he was murdered by his sister, and will continue to persecute the sex until the offender is brought to condign punishment. Men he never molests, unless in self defence, and upon an invasion of his territory. Man traps have been set in the room for the purpose of catching his ghostly leg, and rat traps have been lavishly distributed over the bed, in the hope of snapping his spiritual fingers ; but he snaps his fingers at his enemies, and understands trap too well to be caught by any human contrivance hitherto discovered. When rat traps fail, exorcising can hardly be expected to succeed, and he likes his present quarters too well to wish to be billeted upon the Red Sea.

Thus stands the case at present ; the ghost has baffled every attempt at an ejection, and will probably continue to

frighten the men and belabour the women till he wear out his knuckles. Mr. Colton has recently been to London, to require the aid of the ecclesiastical police, and has offered to frank down to Sampford any adventurer who will enter the lists with this airy bruiser, and fib him out of the ring. But this is idle; if fibbing would do he would have vanished long since.

ODE XIII.

THE JEALOUS LOVER.

Cum tu, Lydia, Telephi.

WHEN those eyes, in azure splendour,
 Sparkle at a rival's fame ;
 When those lips, in accents tender,
 Breathe a hated rival's name ;

Rous'd to scorn, or sunk in sadness,
 Passion rules without controul,
 Gloomy rage and jealous madness,
 Gnaw my heart and fire my soul.

Tears that fall in copious showers,
 Inward fires too plainly speak ;
 Reason mourns her faded powers,
 Blushes tinge my conscious cheek.

When in dreams thy beauty's brightness
Seems to aid my rival's bliss,
And his lip thy bosom's whiteness
Seems to sully with a kiss ;

“ Hold,” I cry in passion's fever,
“ Flames like his are born of wine ;
“ Spurn the insolent deceiver,
“ Crush his hopes, and nourish mine.

“ Loosely he thy soul despises,
“ Aiming but thy charms to win ;
“ He the glittering casket prizes,
“ I adore the gem within.”

Lawless love's a wand'ring vapour,
Meteor of a heated brain ;
Happy they who Cupid's taper
Light at sacred Hymen's fane.

Ever joyous, never sated,
As through life their course they steer,
Heavenly bliss is antedated,—
Mutual love can find it here.

ODE XIV.

*To Mr. KEMBLE,**Exhorting him to give up the tier of Private
Boxes.*

O navis, referent in mare te novi.

O KEMBLE, again you are tost on the seas;
 For mercy's sake what are you doing?
 Return into harbour, assuage the O. P.s,
 This tempest may end in your ruin.

Your seams are uncaulk'd, and your mainmast is split,
 Your sailors are all in commotion;
 The storm of last winter still howls in the pit,
 And vexes the bosom of ocean.

'Tis all to no purpose *the gods* to assail,
 They will not afford you a cable;
Dame Fashion, who tempted you out in the gale,
 May tow you to land if she's able.

Melpomene launch'd you a gallant first rate,
She seems at your danger to shudder ;
Then give up your gingerbread *cabin of state*,
And prudently look to your rudder.

'Tis matter of lasting importance to me,
Again in smooth water to find you ;
For certain I am, if you founder at sea,
You'll not leave your equal behind you.

ODE XV.

THE PARTHENON.

*On the Dilapidation of the Temple of Minerva
at Athens.*

Pastor quum traheret per freta navibus.

As ELGIN o'er the violated wave,
 Spoil'd Parthenon, thy marble glories bore,
 While modern Greeks, alas ! too weak to save,
 With silent tears his sacrilege deplore,
 Shriek in their tombs the demigods of yore,
 Heroes and kings their spectred forms uprear,
 Start from their sepulchres to throng the shore,
 And as they view the ravager's career,
 Point to the bounding bark, and poise the shadowy
 spear.

On speeds the vessel with her guilty prize,
Till sudden calms arrest her stately sweep ;
Hush'd is th' expanse of ocean, earth and skies,
And a new Firmament appears to sleep
In the smooth mirror of the azure deep.
When lo ! the wave with sudden splendour glows,
And while the crew a breathless silence keep,
Severe in majesty, Minerva rose,
Frown'd on the startled Scot, and prophesied his
woes.

“ Ruthless destroyer ! luckless was the hour
When Athens' Sculptures at thy feet were hurl'd ;
Trophies revered, which hitherto had power
To win the homage of an awe-struck world !
Goth, Vandal, Moslem, had their flags unfurl'd
Around my still unviolated Fane,
Two thousand summers had with dews impearl'd
Its marble heights nor left a mouldering stain ;
'Twas thine to ruin all that all had spared in vain.

“ Mine was the Temple, and be mine the care
To haunt it's spoiler, and avenge its doom :
No intellectual honours shalt thou share,
Minerva's curse shall wrap thy mind in gloom,
And Hymen shall thy nuptial hopes consume.—
Unless like fond Pygmalion thou canst wed
Statues thy hand could never give to bloom,
In wifeless wedlock shall thy life be led,
No marriage joys to bless thy solitary bed.

“ The Grecian Deities already rush
To smite th' insulter of their native seat ;
Venus for ever bars the modest blush,
Love's chaste alarms and its endearments sweet.
Mars shall deny the Hero's patriot heat,
Nor can thy ravish'd trophies yield relief ;
The household Gods shall frown on thy retreat,
And when thou seekst to drown reflection's grief,
Bacchus shall interdict oblivion's respite brief.

“ Lo ! Ocean’s King engulphs thy victim bark*,
Snatching the relics of his earthly reign
To deck his coral palaces, and hark !
The sea nymphs sound their shells as they regain
The shipwreck’d trophies of their monarch’s fane.
So shouldst *thou* perish with thy guilty freight,
But that thy life shall be thy greatest bane,
And Athens’ Gods by thy forewarning fate
Shall stay th’ unhallow’d hand uprear’d to violate.

“ All who behold my mutilated pile
Shall brand its ravager with classic rage,
And soon a titled bard from Britain’s Isle,
Thy country’s praise and suffrage shall engage,
And fire with Athen’s wrongs an angry age.†
Poets unborn shall sing thy impious fame,
And time from history’s eternal page
Expunging Alaric’s and Omar’s name,
Shall giye to thine alone pre-eminence of shame.”

* One of Lord Elgin’s vessels was wrecked in the Archipelago.

† See Lord Byron’s *Childe Harold*.

ODE XVI.

The EDINBURGH REVIEWERS.

O Matre pulcra filia pulchrior.

O RIGOROUS sons of a clime more severe
 If Horace in London offend,
 Unbought let him perish, unread disappear,
 But, ah ! do not hasten his end.

Not whisker'd Geramb who veracity braves
 In boasting of princely delights,
 Not ROWLAND, when thumping the cushion he
 raves,
 Of Beelzebub's capering sprites,

Are mad as the Martyr inviting the whips
 Of poesy's merciless reign ;
 Who like Mrs. Brownrigg her 'prentices strips,
 Then kills them with famine and pain.

'Tis said when the box of Pandora flew ope,
A treasure was found underneath :
It seem'd to the vulgar a figure of Hope,
To poets a laureat wreath.

'Twas this ignis fatuus tempting to roam,
That lighted poor BURNS to his fate ;
That bade him abandon his plough and his home
To starve amid cities and state.

Me, too, has the treacherous phantom inspir'd
In moments of youthful delight ;
With lyric presumption my bosom has fir'd,
To imitate HORACE's might.

Repentant, henceforth, I will write like a dunce
In prose all the rest of my life,
If you, dread dissectors, will spare me this once
The smart of your critical knife.

ODE XVII.

THE WELCH COTTAGE.

Velox amœnum sæpe Lucretilem.

To Laura.

THE wood nymphs crown'd with vernal flow'rs,
 Who roam thro' Tempe's classic bow'rs
 And sport in gambols antic ;
 If e'er they quit their native vales,
 Will find around my cot in Wales,
 A region more romantic.

Green pastures girt with pendant rock,
 Along whose steep my snowy flock,
 Adventurously wanders ;
 Impending shrubs and flowers that gleam,
 Reflected in the chrystal stream,
 Which thro' the scene meanders ;

In sylvan beauty charm the eyes,
While no ungracious sounds arise
Of misery or anger ;
The song of birds, the insect's hum
Are never broken by the drum,
Or trumpet's brazen clangor.

If sleeping echo starts to mark
The matin carols of the lark,
Or sounds of early labour ;
Again she seeks her calm retreat,
Till evening calls her to repeat,
The shepherd's pipe and tabor.

Whene'er I woo the muse serene,
Her magic smile illumines the scene,
And brighter tints discloses.
But e'en the muses' chaplet fades,
Unless the hand of Cupid braids
Her myrtle with his roses.

Haste then, my Laura, to my bower,
And let us give the fleeting hour
To plenty, love, and pleasure :

Where wanton boughs an arbour wreathe
I to thy melting harp will breathe
My amatory measure.

Let not the town your soul enthrall,
The crouded rout and midnight ball,
Those penalties of fashion :
If nature still have power to please,
Oh ! hither fly to health and ease,
And crown a poet's passion.

No jealous fears shall curb your mind,
Here shall no spirit be confin'd
By prejudiced opinion.
My Laura here a Queen shall be,
From all control and bondage free,
Save Cupid's soft dominion.

ODE XVIII.

MERRY AND WISE.

Nullam, Vare, sacrâ vite prius severis arborem.

To Lord Wellington.

O LET not your tumbrils in Portugal's vallies
Empurple the dust with the blood of the vine,
But spare it that we in convivial sallies,
May bumper thy prowess in goblets of wine.

Embolden'd by Bacchus we vault o'er the rav'lin,
Or snatch, rosy Venus, thy Paphian prize,
Now led by the gleam of the Gaul's flashing jav'lin,
And now by the blaze of voluptuous eyes.

But though the god's banner unfurling its flushes,
With crimson suffuses his votaries' cheeks,
O let us not tinge them with penitent blushes,
By arrogant insults or perilous freaks.

Invited by Theseus in good humoured clatter,
The Centaurs assembled, half man and half beast,
How quickly the former was lost in the latter,
When lewd inebriety darken'd the feast !

Reflect that the laws of punctilio are cruel,
And oft to the flash of ungovern'd excess,
Succeeds the chill awe of the death-dealing duel,
The flash of the pistol—the pang of distress !

No, care-killing god, though I revel in gladness,
And brim the gay goblet with sparkling champagne,
I'll not stain thy altar with victims of madness,
Nor sacrifice reason to lengthen thy reign.

ODE XIX.

PLEASING PETULANCE.

Mater sæva Cupidinum.

DAME Venus, who lives but to vex,
And Bacchus, the dealer in wine,
Unite with the love of the sex,
To harrass this poor head of mine.
Sweet Ellen's the cause of my woe,
'Tis madness her charms to behold,
Her bosom's as white as the snow,
And the heart it enshrines is as cold.

Her petulant frowns have more grace
Than others to smiles can impart ;
The roses that bloom in her face
Have planted their thorns in my heart.

Fair Venus, who sprang from the sea,
Despising the haunts of renown,
Leaves Brighton, to frolic with me,
And spend the whole winter in town.

I sang of the heroes of Spain,
Who fight in the Parthian mode ;
The goddess grew sick at my strain,
And handed to Vulcan my ode :
“ Forbear,” she exclaim’d, “ silly elf,
“ With haughty Bellona to rove,
“ Leave Spain to take care of herself,—
“ Thy song is of Ellen and love.”

Come, Love, bring the Graces along,
That Ellen may melt at my woes,
Let fluent Rousseau gild my tongue,
And Chesterfield turn out my toes.
Ah no ! I must wield other arms,
Sweet Ellen, to reign in thy heart,
When Love owes to Nature his charms,
How vain are the lessons of art.

ODE XX.

THE BARD'S BANQUET.

Vile potabis modicis Sabinum.

To George Colman the Younger.

ACCEPT, comic mortal, this poor imitation ;
 Its birth was propitious tho' humble its claim ;
 'Twas penn'd when the 'Theatres' loud acclamation
 Established for ever your title to Fame.

When London re-echos the praise of Colman,
 Shall I by my Harp in despondency sit ?
 No——Horace in London shall not be the sole man
 Withholding his tribute from genius and wit.

Then come to my banquet, 'tis lowly I know it,
 And no pungent relish the appetite lures,
 For what can a dull inexperienced poet,
 Produce that will tickle a palate like yours ?

But as to my guests, they shall feast upon treasures
Sufficient to charm the most epicure elf;
My long bill of fare is a budget of pleasures,
Comprised in one exquisite item—yourself.

ODE XXII.

THE BAILIFF.

Integer vitæ, scelerisque purus,

THE pauper poet, pure in zeal,
Who aims the Muse's crown to steal,
Need steal no crown of baser sort,
To buy a goose, or pay for port.
He needs not Fortune's poison'd source,
Nor guard the House of Commons yields,
Whether by Newgate lie his course,
The Fleet, King's Bench, or Cold Bath
Fields.

For I, whom late, *impransus*, walking,
The Muse beyond the verge had led ;
Beheld a huge bumbailiff stalking,
Who star'd, but touch'd me not, and fled !
A bailiff, black and big like him,
So scowling, desperate, and grim,

No lock-up house, the gloomy den
Of all the tribe shall breed again.
Place me beyond the verge afar,
Where alleys blind the light debar,
Or bid me fascinated lie
Beneath the creeping catchpole's eye ;
Place me where spunging houses round
Attest that bail is never found ;
Where poets starve who write for bread,
And writs are more than poems read ;
Still will I quaff the Muse's spring,
 In reason's spite a rhyming sinner,
I'll sometimes for a supper sing,
 And sometimes whistle for a dinner.

ODE XXIII.

CUPID'S INVITATION.

Vitas hinnuleo me similis, Chloe,

As the poet doom'd to linger,
 Phillips, in thy shop's retreat,
Cash for copyright to finger,
 Eyes with dread the neighbouring Fleet,

Turns with idle terror pale, if
 Busy crowds his speed molest,
Thinks each passenger a *bailiff*,
 Every jostle an *arrest* ;

Thus, dear Chlœe, thus you fly me,
 Prithee bid these fears adieu ;
How ungenerous to deny me
 What I ne'er denied to you.

I'm no ruthless *Blue Beard*, daily
Killing wives, again to wed ;
I'm no giant Mrs. Bayley,
Grinding bones to make my bread.

Love at eighteen is a duty,
Yield thee, sweet, to Cupid's chain ;
To confine a full-grown beauty,
Mother's apron strings are vain !

ODE XXIV.

HORNE TOOKE's EPITAPH.

Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus.

WHAT strain shall soothe thy shade, departed
Tooke ?

What topic glad Reform's heart-broken throng !
Muse of dead Hammond, muse of dead Sir Brook,
Pour the full tide of elegiac song.

Beneath a garden's mould (O spot uncouth !)
Death in perpetual slumber rocks the sage,
Saviour of syntax, speaker of home truth,
Pride, shame, and martyr of a thankless age.

Gale Jones and Jones Burdett deplor'd his fall,
But thine, dear knight, is sorrow's heaviest shower ;
Who now shall tinge thy scatter'd ink with gall ?
Who prompt thy studies in a second Tower ?

Of Swedenborg thou ne'er hast learnt the tricks,
Whose magic wand the dead from death retrieves ;
Thy seer close guarded on the shores of Styx,
Swells the black cattle of the God of Thieves.

'Tis hard—but watching for the human soul,
Troops of blue devils hover o'er the globe ;
Trick them, and quaff from resignation's bowl
What Job's kind hearted friends prescrib'd to Job.

ODE XXV.

MY GODWIN!

Parcius junctas quatiunt fenestras.

OUR Temple youth, a lawless train,
Blockading Johnson's window pane,
No longer laud thy solemn strain,

My Godwin!

Chaucer's a mighty tedious elf,
Fleetwood lives only for himself,
And Caleb Williams loves the shelf,

My Godwin!

No longer cry the sprites unblest,
"Awake! arise! stand forth confess'd!"
For fallen, fallen is thy crest,

My Godwin!

Thy muse for meretricious feats,
Does quarto penance now in sheets,
Or cloathing parcels roams the streets,
My Godwin !

Thy flame at Luna's lamp thou light'st,
Blank is the verse that thou indit'st,
Thy play is damn'd, yet still thou writ'st,
My Godwin !

And still to wield the grey goose quill,
When Phœbus sinks, to feel no chill,
“ With me is to be lovely still,”
My Godwin !

Thy winged steed (a bit of blood)
Bore thee, like Trunnion, through the flood,
To leave thee sprawling in the mud,
My Godwin !

But carries now, with martial trot,
In glittering armour, Walter Scott,
A poet he—which thou art not,
My Godwin !

Nay, nay, forbear these jealous wails,
Tho' he's upborne on fashion's gales,
Thy heavy bark attendant sails,

My Godwin !

Fate each by different streams conveys
His skiff in Aganippe plays,
And thine in Lethe's whirlpool strays,
My Godwin !

ODE XXVI.

THE STRAW BONNET.

Musis amicus, tristitiam et metus.

BELOV'D by the Nine, I leave care till to-morrow,
 And cull pleasure's roses while yet in their bloom;
 The winds that blow round me shall dissipate sorrow,
 And bear the blue devils to Pharoah's red tomb.

Thy Emperor, Gaul, may astonish the nations,
 While Neptune forbids him to Britain to roam,
 He's free to sow discord in German plantations,
 Then marry, the better to reap it at home.

Ye Muses, who bathe in clear fountains, and dwell in
 The regions of rhyme with Apollo above,
 Oh! aid me to sing of my favourite Ellen,
 And warble in chorus the accents of love.

Come, weave me a chaplet to deck her straw bonnet,
Tho' small the applause that your labour secures;
For sure, if there's faith in my sight or my sonnet,
Her roses and lilies are brighter than your's.

ODE XXVII.

THE BUMPER TOAST.

Natis in usum lætitiæ scyphis.

AWAY with dull politics! prythee let's talk
 Of something to set all the club in a titter ;
 The aim of convivial meetings we baulk,
 When thus we our sweetest enjoyments embitter.

Fill, fill up a bumper, be merry and wise,
 And check these dissensions before they too far
 get ;

Say, Colonel, what pretty girl's arrowy eyes
 Have chosen your heart for their amorous target.

Refuse! then the bottle no farther shall pass :
 Nay, hang it, this chilling reserve is a folly ;
 I'm sure it's no cherry cheek'd nursery lass,
 No three per cent. dowdy, no demirep Dolly.

Come, whisper ; my ear is as safe as the Bank,
Where all that goes in is for ever impounded.
What, Lucy ! adzooks ! then your prize is a blank
With imps in blue jackets for life you're surrounded.

Mrs. Clarke's costly freaks she will presently beat,
And if you don't quit the extravagant wench,
You'll soon quit the Army to starve in the Fleet,
Or change your own seat for his Majesty's Bench.

ODE XXVIII.

LUCRETIVS AND DR. BUSBY.

Te maris et terræ numeroque carentis arence.

LUCRETIVS, tho' thy numbers could embrace,
 (Thus Busby spoke) the secret plans of Fate,
 Lay bare the haunts of matter, form, and space,
 And all creation in thy song create ;

O'er thy dead stanzas now Arachne weaves
 Her web to hide thee from a buzzing croud ;
 Dishonourable dust o'erspreads thy leaves,
 And Hermes wraps thee in oblivion's shroud.

To whom, Lucretius—fugitive and fleet,
 Religion's dogmas yield to Age's tooth ;
 Like the loose sand beneath Achilles' feet,
 They melt or crumble at the touch of Truth.

Each mystic zealot, heavenward points the way,
Heav'n mocks alike the artist and the art :
Where is thy solar system, Tycho Brahe?
Where now thy eddying vortices, Des Cartes ?

Some dreaming seers, with angels converse hold,
Some, teiz'd by Satan, Faith's palladium guard.
Paine, Priestley, sleep in transatlantic mould,
And Godwin slumbers in Saint Paul's Church Yard.

One night o'ershadows systems old and new,
Death to one fatal ferry all consigns,
And not a head amid the sapient crew,
But whispers, tête a tête, with Proserpine's.

Me too, death summons to my kindred soil,
Philosophy's new lamp outdazzles mine :
Outdazzles ! no, dipp'd in thy midnight oil
My glimmering taper yet again may shine.

Arouse thee, rhymster, bid thy boy rehearse :
And, whilst around thy drowsy audience nod,
Lest the pale urchin mar thy labour'd verse,
Wield o'er his trembling head thy grandsire's rod.

So may Apollo in Queen Ann Street West
Full o'er thy muse his warbling choir uncage,
Names fill thy index, Plutus fill thy chest,
And dedication smooth thy hot press'd page.

Hah ! doubt'st thou, recreant ? does thy lazy wit
To snatch from Lethe's pit my verse refuse ?
Then may new Drury's widely yawning pit,
O'erwhelm thy urchin, and engulph thy muse.

That threat prevails, thou sweep'st thy classic
chords ;

Laud we the Gods ! Lucretius now is free ;
Come affluent Commoners, come pursy Lords,
Down with your dust, to shake the dust from me.

ODE XXIX.

The TERMAGANT.

Icci beatis nunc Arabum invides.

To Lucy.

Ah, Lucy, how chang'd are my prospects in life,
 Since first you awaken'd love's flame !
 So humble a bride, such a petulent wife,
 Gadzooks ! I scarce think you the same.

That badge which the husband's ascendance secures,
 (The poor *sans culottes* never wore 'em)
 You arrogate now as prescriptively yours,
 In spite of all sense and decorum.

No longer your smile like a sunbeam appears,
 But clouds your fair visage deform,
 Which quickly find vent in a deluge of tears,
 Or burst into thunder and storm.

O ! who will now question that Venus's dove
Transform'd to a Vulture may feed
On the sensitive heart of the victim of love,
Condemn'd in close fetters to bleed ;

Since you whom so lately an angel I thought,
Now acting the termagant's part,
Exult o'er the fetters which wedlock has wrought,
And tear without mercy my heart.

Your temper is changed from serene to perverse,
Your tongue from endearment to clatter :
I took you, for better, as well as for worse,
But find you are wholly the latter.

ODE XXX.

PRIVATE BOXES.

Written during the first O. P war.

O Venus, regina Cnidi Paphique.

O VENUS, Queen of Drury Lane !
Soft partizan of amorous doxies,
Oer 'tall Soho no longer reign,
But patronize our Private Boxes.

Let Cupid, ardent chaperon,
To Hart Street lead the London graces,
As loose of manners as of zone,
With bosoms bare, and brazen faces.

Bring with thee, dame, a tempting show
Of girls fantastic, gay and jolly ;
Age without thee is sapient woe,
And with thee, youth is joyous folly.

Bring, too, the footpad demigod,
Who once outwitted wise Apollo ;
O'er paths by truant Venus trod,
Sly Mercury is sure to follow.

ODE XXXI.

TO APOLLO.

Quid dedicatum poscit Apollinem.

WHAT asks the Bard who first invades
With votive verse Apollo's shrine,
And lulls with midnight serenades
Thee, male Duenna of the Nine ?

Not ven'son, darling of the church,
Mutton will serve his turn as well ;
Nor costly turtle dress'd by BIRCH—
He spurns the *fat* to sound the *shell*.

Fearing to trust to dubious *stocks*,
He ne'er invests his money there,
And views with scorn the *London Docks*,
Perch'd on his castle in the air.

Ye sunburnt peasantry of Gaul,
Go prune you vines for NORFOLK's lord,
His jovial table welcomes all,
And laughing plenty crowns his board.

Favourite of Bacchus ! see him lay
His comrades senseless on the floor,
And then march soberly away,
With bottles three, ay, sometimes four.

My skill in wines is quickly said,
I drink them but to make me merry;
Claret and port alike are red,
Champagne is white and so is sherry.

Grant me, ye pow'rs, a middle state,
Remote from poverty and wealth ;
Above the poor, below the great,
A body and a mind in health.

And when old Time upon this head,
His snowy bounty shall impart,
Oh grant that he may never spread
Its freezing influence to my heart.

ODE XXXII.

To the COMIC MUSE.

Poscimus, si quid vacui sub umbra.

SWEET Muse ! beneath Apollo's ray,
If ever I, your charms adoring,
Begot a jocund roundelay,
The noisy gods thought worth *encoring*—

Come now, and with your archest smile,
Inspire, sweet maid, a comic ditty,
Something in *Colman's* humorous style,
And just about one third as witty.

By either sister lov'd, caress'd,
He, gay deceiver, picks and chuses :
To serve two masters is no jest,
But he contrives to serve two muses.

Now he pourtrays the man of pelf,
Unmoved by Yarico's disaster ;
And now the Latin-quoting elf,
Still cringing to the wealthiest master.

To Afric's sultry plain convey'd,
To paint the ardent Moor's distresses,
He toys with *Sutta*, dingy maid,
With eyes as sable as her tresses.

From grave to gay he loves to fly,
Whilst I with you alone would tarry ;
A constant *Colonel Standard I*,
And he a volatile *Sir Harry*.

O pride of Phœbus ! heavenly fair !
Rare visitant at great men's tables,
Whose smiles can make old fashion'd care,
Doff for awhile his suit of sables,

Enroll me on your jovial staff,
Sworn foe to sentimental sadness,
And I will live to love and laugh,
And wake the lyre to you and gladness.

ODE XXXIII.

CROSS PURPOSES.

Albi, ne doleas plus nimio, memor.

"Tis folly yourself and your readers to vex,
With verses as feeble and bald as old Q: ;
Your Fanny but echoes the creed of her sex,
Preferring a younger Adonis to you.

Amanda, the mild, follows Ned thro' the Park,
From Kensington Gardens to Cumberland Gate,
Yet Ned, an ungrateful and volatile spark,
Adores a virago, and truckles to Kate.

But sooner the shark from West Indian seas,
Shall swim in a bowl, and by children be fed,
Than Kitty, as rampant as Pope's Eloise,
Surrender the mistress, and marry with Ned.

So wills Madame Venus : she's ever delighted
To join young and old in one wearisome yoke,
Then tortures the bosom with flames unrequited,
And thinks our misfortunes an excellent joke.

Why cannot I love pretty Susan, or Polly,
Or gentle Nannette, or dear sensitive Jane?
The answer, alas ! but exposes my folly—
I court lovely Ellen, and court her in vain.

I'd give all I'm worth to be able to hate her ;
She smiles, and I picture consent in her eye,
When, cold and deceitful as ice to a skaiter,
She tempts me to pleasure, but leaves me to die.

ODE XXXIV.

CŒLEBS IN SEARCH OF A WIFE.

Parcus Deorum cultor et infrequens.

I **INVEIGLED** by **HUME** from the Temple of Truth,
From Piety's sheepfold a stray lamb,
I laugh'd and I sang, a mere reprobate youth,
As seldom at church as Sir Balaam.

But now thro' a crack in my worldly wise head,
A ray of new light sheds a blaze,
And back with the speed of a zealot, I tread
The wide metaphysical maze.

Of late thro' the Strand as I saunter'd away,
A curriclè gave me new life,
For oh ! in that curriclè, spruce as the day,
Sate **CŒLEBS IN SEARCH OF A WIFE !**

Majestic as thunder he roll'd thro' the air,
His horses were rapidly driven,
I gaz'd like the pilgrim in Vanity-fair,
When *Faithful* was snatch'd into Heaven.

Loud bellow'd the monsters in Pidcock's abyss,
Old vagabond Thames caught the sound,
It shook the Adelphi, it scar'd gloomy Dis,
And Styx swore an oath underground.

The Puritan rises, Philosophy falls,
When touch'd by his Harlequin rod;
The cobbler and prelate from separate stalls,
Chaunt hymns to the young demigod.

The beardless reformer leaves London behind,
He wanders o'er woodland and common,
And dives into depths theologic, to find
That darkest of swans—a white woman.

The Pilgrim of *Bunyan* felt wiser alarms,
His darling at home could not bind him,
'Twas Death and the Devil when lock'd in her arms,
'Twas Heaven—when he left her behind him.

ODE XXXV.

O Diva, gratum quæ regis Antium.

To Fortune.

GODDESS! by grateful gulls ador'd,
Whose wand can make a clown a lord,
And lords to coachmen humble :
Whose Midas touch our gold supplies,
Then bids our wealth in paper rise,
Rise ? zounds ! I should say tumble !

Thee barking *Fire Assurance* baits ;
With face as brazen as her plates
She in thy lobby lingers :
But fire, alas ! to smoak will turn,
And sharers, though no houses burn,
Are sure to burn their fingers.

In troubled *water* others fish,
Locks, docks, canals, their utmost wish ;
 They're welcome if they love it:
They who on water money lend,
Can seldom manage, in the end,
 To keep their heads above it.

Who sinks in *earth* but sinks in cash ;
'Tis to make nothing but a smash,
 Do nothing, but undoing :
New bridges halt amid the flood,
New roads desert us in the mud,
 And turn out " roads to ruin."

The knavish crew, in bubbles skill'd,
Next, high in *air* their castles build,
 But air, too, mocks their trouble ;
Balloons to earth too quickly slope,
And WINSOR's *Gas*, like WINDSOR's *Soap*,
 When blown, appears a bubble.

Oh Fortune ! in thy giddy march,
Kick down (and welcome) *Highgate Arch*,
But be content with one ill,
When from the gallery ruin nods,
Oh ! whisper silence to the gods,
And spare the *Muses' Tunnel* !*

Grim bankruptcy thy path besets
With one great seal and three gazettes
Suspended from her shoulders :
Diggers and miners swell her train,
Who having *bored* the earth in vain,
Now *bore* the poor share-holders.

While vulgar dupes compell'd to pay,
Decoy'd too far to fly away,
Are caught and pluck'd like tame ducks,
Their pools of fancied wealth are lakes
Wherein their cash makes ducks and drakes,
Till they themselves are lame ducks.

* This alludes to a ridiculous Farce, which met with undeserved favor at the time of its appearance, and is now deservedly forgotten.

Farces like those to send adrift,
Blind Goddess, give my farce a lift,
And bid me touch the Spanish :
Too weak to brave the critics' scorn,
So shall it serve the weak to warn,
And quack impostors banish.

Those rampant "minions of their breed,"
Too long from KETCH's halter freed,
Pursue their slippery courses.
Gorged with their asinine repast,
Oh, grant they may devour at last
Themselves, like Duncan's horses.

ODE XXXVI.

THE GAOL DELIVERY.

Et thure et fidibus juvat.

SCRAPE the fiddles, rub the glasses ;
Jove bestow'd, to sweeten life,
Claret, music, dice, and lasses ;
Fill about, and banish strife.
Find some flat who apes his betters,
Bid him cook a tavern treat ;
Blithest of insolvent debtors,
Florio issues from the Fleet.

Mark with what a merry mazzard,
Nightly poaching where they list,
Elbow shaking sons of hazard
Shake his honorable fist.

But his brother, gay and jolly,
 Simpurs with sincerest glee :
 Sons of the same mother, Folly,
 Who can wonder they agree ?

Tap we now our heels in dancing
 Tipsily along the floor :
 When the burgundy's advancing,
 Heel taps shall exist no more.
 Thornton, aid us in our waltzing,
 Aid us, Bacchus, in our reels :
 If we stumble, why the fault's in
 Polished floors and brazen heels.

Bring burnt toast and pepper'd devils,
 Dry provocatives to drink ;
 Smile, Aurora, on our revels,
 Fill the bowl, boys, to the brink.
 In a jovial hob and nob let
 Kitty with the youth contend,
 Quaff, like Ammon's son, the goblet :—
 Joy to our unprison'd friend !

Kitty on each rival brother
Turns in turn her leering eye,
Dubious whether this or t'other
Best deserve her tender sigh.
Should Old Nick hereafter waver,
To decide, like Kitty, loth,
HORACE, as a special favor,
To his care surrenders—both.

ODE XXXVII.

LOB'S POUND.

*The Poet rejoiceth in the return of tranquillity,
after the imprisonment of Sir Francis Burdett
in the Tower.*

Nunc est bibendum, nunc pede libero.

“ Now broach ye a pipe of the best Malvoisie,”
 ’Tis sold at the Marmion tavern,
 Come, feast upon turtle, and sing a Scotch glee,
 And dance round the table in grand jubilee,
 Like so many hags in a cavern.

’Tis wrong to draw corks in the midst of a row,
 Old Port is the devil when shaken ;
 The caption was novel, I needs must allow ;
 An Englishman’s house was his castle till now,
 But castles are now and then taken.

Dame Fortune had given Sir Francis a dram—
Your drunkards will never be quiet ;
He said, “ Mr. Serjeant, your warrant’s a sham,
Upheld by the rabble ; I’ll stay where I am.”
So London was all in a riot.

But soon Mr. Serjeant surmounted the basement,
Which only made John Bull the gladder ;
For back he was push’d, to his utter amazement ;
The baronet smil’d when he saw from the casement
His enemies mounting a ladder.

At length all the constables broke in below ;
Quoth Gibbs, “ It is legal, depend on’t.”
Thus riding in chace of a Doe or a Roe,
The flying bumbailiff cries “ *yoix ! tally ho !*”
And seizes the luckless defendant.

Sir Francis, determin’d the question to try,
Was quietly reading law latin ;
Not able, and therefore not willing to fly,
He saw all the Parliament forces draw nigh,
As firm as the chair that he sat in.

His lady was by, and she play'd on her lute,
 And sung "*Will you come to the bower,*"
The *Serjeant at Arms*, who was hitherto mute,
Advanced and exclaim'd, like an ill-natur'd brute,
 "*Sir Knight, will you come to the Tower ?*"

He mounted the carriage, by numbers oppress'd,
 But first, with a dubious intention,
Like Queen Cleopatra he secretly press'd
Two serpents, in tender adieu, to his breast,
 Whose names I had rather not mention.

'Tis thus other Wimbledon heroes attain
 The summit of posthumous fame ;
They dodge their pursuers through alley and lane,
But when they discover resistance is vain,
 They kick up a dust, and die game.

ODE XXXVIII.

THE BILL OF FARE.

Persicos odi puer apparatus.

HERE, Waiter, I'll dine in this box,
I've look'd at your long bill of fare ;
A Pythagorean it shocks
To view all the rarities there.

I'm not overburthen'd with cash,
Roast beef is the dinner for me ;
Then why should I eat *calipash*,
Or why should I eat *calipee* ?

Your trifle's no trifle, I ween,
To customers prudent as I am ;
Your peas in December are green,
But I'm not so green as to buy 'em.

With ven'son I seldom am fed—
Go bring me the sirloin, you ninny ;
Who dines at a guinea a head
Will ne'er by his head get a guinea.

BOOK II. ODE I

THE FIRST O. P. WAR.

Motum ex Metello consule civicum.

To Mr. Kemble.

WHEN civil commotion beleaguers the Thane,
When tempests assail aged Lear,
When the ghost of old Hamlet amazes the Dane,
In Richard the cruel, or Hotspur the vain,
O when shall your equal appear ?

The wreath of applause what philosopher scorns ?
'Tis a crown of the sweetest moss roses ;
But when it the brow of an actor adorns,
The public will mix a few good-natur'd thorns,
To tickle his ears when he dozes.

Awhile to your theatre now bid adieu ;
Fly, fly, from the tumult and riot ;
Attempt not your truncheon and staff to renew,
But give them to TOWNSEND, to help to subdue
The foes to new prices and quiet.

For hark ! what a discord of bugles and bells,
What whistling, and springing of rattles !
What screaming, and groaning, and hissing, and yells,
Till mad headed Mammon his victims impels
To scuffle, row, riot, and battles.

And now from the barracks of Bow Street, alack !
A band under *Townsend* and *Sayers*,
Wave high their gilt staves, while the dull sounding
thwack
Falls frequent and thick on the enemies' back,
Or visits their pate with a merry toned crack,
In aid of King John and the Players.

The Billingsgate muses, indignant to find
Catalani and fiddlers from Paris
Usurping their place, in revenge have combin'd
To kick up this dust in the popular mind,
So fatal to Kemble and Harris.

What surly brown bear has not gladly receiv'd
The misers who old prices stick to ?
At Bow Street what knight is not sorely aggriev'd ?
Where Christians are cross'd, Unbelievers believ'd,
Oh story "mirabile dictu !"

To mix in this warfare regardless of fear,
What 'prentice or clerk is unwilling ?
From Smithfield and Wapping what heroes appear,
Who fight, I acknowledge, for all they hold dear,
When the object of war's the last shilling.

What fists of defiance the pugilists wield !
What Jews have not had bloody noses ?
What victim of law, who to Mainwaring yields,
But gladly for ever would quit Cold Bath Fields
To fight here "pro ARIS et focis" ?

But gently, my muse, hush your angry ton'd lyre,
From rows so disgraceful remove ;
And seated at home by your own parlour fire,
Let Beauty and Bacchus your numbers inspire
To melody, laughter, and love.

ODE II.

Nullus argento color est avaris.

To the Wanstead Lucullus.

IF we don't make manure of our money,
 And spread it that others may thrive,
 'Tis useless as ungather'd honey
 Neglected to rot in the hive.

Fame, trampling on ribbons and garters,
 And scoffing at guineas as dross,
 Lifts o'er the rich reprobate Chartres,
 The poor benefactor of Ross.

To govern your mental diseases,
 Is boasting a far wider way,
 Than if you could double your leases,
 And Blenheim to Wanstead convey.

With dropsical fevers unhealthy,
Our drinking increases our thirst ;
E'en such is the fate of the wealthy,
By quenchless cupidity curs'd.

The mob on the ninth of November,
Who shout at my Lord and his mace,
Suppose him the happiest member,
Of Fortunes gay liveried race.

Such fancies can never inveigle
Men cast in philosophy's mould ;
They, proud as the sun-daring eagle,
Gaze firm and undazzled on gold.

ODE III.

PHILOSOPHIC ENJOYMENT.

Æquam memento rebus in arduis.

To H. R. — Esq.

WHEN Fortune, fickle jade's unkind,
 Preserve the philosophic mind,
 That dignifies it's bearer ;
 And when the goddess opes her hand,
 Receive her purse, but scorn the band
 That blinds its subject wearer.

Whether condemn'd, by fate's decree,
 To toil in town, and learn, like me,
 Economy from Rumford ;
 Or bless'd in all that you desire,
 Living, as now, a jovial squire,
 In luxury and comfort.

In Windsor's green romantic glades,
The "Monarch's and the Muses" shades,
By silver Thames reclining,
Unfetter'd now your mind may soar,
On Aganippe's hallow'd shore,
The muse's wreath entwining.

Quaff, while you may, your choicest wine,
Let beauty and the muse combine
To crown your classic leisure ;
Snatch what the fickle fates supply,
Enjoy the roses 'ere they die,
And give a loose to pleasure.

Death pays no deference to name,
Peasant or Prince 'tis all the same ;
Unsparing king of terror,
His warrant cannot be delay'd,
Nor his proceedings quash'd or stay'd
By any writ of error.

Your heir, perchance, when you're removed,
Improving on what you improved,
 To give his taste expansion,
May fell your groves, implant the lawn,
And with a newer grace adorn
 Your metamorphosed mansion.

Grim Cerberus at random snaps ;
Life is a stage laid out in traps,
 A pantomimic vision ;
Some live to see the curtain drop,
And down some prematurely pop,
 Like Banquo's apparition.

ODE IV.

THE ACTRESS.

Ne sit ancillæ tibi amor pudori.

AN ACTRESS! well, I own 'tis true,
But why should that your love subdue,
Or bid you blush for Polly?
When all within is sense and worth,
To care for modes of life, or birth,
Is arrant pride and folly.

A Polly, in a former age,
Resign'd the Captain, and the stage,
To shine as Bolton's Duchess.
Derby and *Craven* since have shown
That virtue builds herself a throne,
Ennobling whom she touches.

In each new pantomime that's hatched,
The Columbine is quickly snatched,
To wed some wealthy suitor :
'Tis " All for love, the world well lost"—
What pupil calculates the cost,
When passion is the tutor ?

Why, all the world's a stage, and we,
Its pantomimic pageantry,
Change places and conditions :
Fortune's the magic Harlequin,
Whose touch diffuses o'er the scene
Fantastic transpositions.

Your Polly in her veins may bear
The blood, perchance, of London's Mayor,
Who smote the King's reviler ;
Whose mace a monarch's life secures,
But slays an ancestor of yours,
In knocking down Wat Tyler.

She who is artless, chaste, refin'd,
Disinterested, pure in mind,
Unsoil'd with vice's leaven,
Has that nobility within,
Which kings can neither give nor win ;
Her patent is from heaven.

Discard your doubts—your suit prefer,
You dignify yourself, not her,
By honourable passion :
And if your noble friends should stare,
Go, bid them show a happier pair
Among the fools of fashion.

ODE V.

THE UNFLEDGED MUSE.

Nondum sub actâ ferre jugum valet.

YOUN Muse is too young for the trade,
 Forbear the poor soul to caress :
 The tender, the delicate maid
 Will die with the weight of the press.

Still let her on Pegasus stray,
 But pace, in a canter at most,
 The meads of La Belle Assemblée,
 The Ladies' Museum and Post.

To critical batteries blind,
 How many a volunteer muse,
 Her magazines leaving behind,
 Has met with her death in reviews.

'Then weigh well the *pros* and the *cons*,
Shew nought of the goose but its quill ;
Get tribute from critical dons,
And then touch the Spanish at will.

Then gallop, or canter, or trot,
Your muse will the labour endure :
Fight cap-a-pied heroes with Scott,
Woo sensitive beauty with Moore ;

Then rhyming, or prosing, or soft,
Or rugged, your thoughts you may blab ;
Write egotist essays with Loft,
Or workhouse heroics with Crabbe.

While booksellers kindle your urn,
And puff your funereal fires,
Your flame shall continue to burn,
Long after your fuel expires.

ODE VI.

THE CLASSIC VILLA.

Septimi, Gades aditure mecum.

MUSE, at whose gate I've oft times knock'd,
 In fancy's dream thy charms caressing ;
 Whose maid my dignity has shock'd
 As oft, by answering, Sir, she's dressing.

O'er my last lay thy gold dust shake,
 A guinea for each line I spin is
 The lowest farthing I can take ;
 The whole will cost three thousand guineas.

Then let me write from youth to age,
 And when the critics dub me *Crassus*,
 With a low bow I'll quit the stage,
 And sport a villa near Parnassus.

Safe from adversity's attacks,
There let me quaff from Phæbus' chalice,
In a snug house, like trusty *Mac's*,
Adjoining to my sovereign's palace.

But if the envious fates refuse,
And dub my tuneful swan a raven,
Pack thy portmanteau, injured muse,
And seek with me Britannia's haven.

A lane near Cripplegate extends,
Grub Street 'tis call'd, the London Pindus,
Where, but that Bards are seldom friends,
Bards might shake hands from adverse windows.

There Thyrsis tunes his oaten reed,
(Nought oaten else to make him merry)
There grave Virginia smokes her weed,
And Juniper distils his berry.

All loftier tenants I discard,
I soar to catch Apollo's favour ;
The attic floor shall prop the bard,
And attic salt his porridge savour.

And when the poet's goal I reach,
With body lean and tunic shabby,
Chaunt, widow'd muse, my dying speech,
And shroud my ashes in the abbey.

ODE VII.

AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE.

O sæpe mecum tempus in ultimum.

OH ! whence are you come,
My crony, my chum,
In boyhood's bright sun-shiney weather ?
What shock of the spheres,
After so many years,
Has thrown us again both together ?

How oft you and I
Have drank ourselves dry,
Till mounting high over our heads,
Morn enter'd the casement,
And stared with amazement,
To find us not yet in our beds.

One night at the British,
We grew rather skittish,
And sallied out fighting the rabble ;
But the guardians of night,
Put our valour to flight,
And I lost my hat in the squabble.

Fair cloud-cover'd Venus,
Intruding between us,
Me carried away from the battle ;
While you, left at large,
Return'd to the charge,
And bore off a lanthorn and rattle.

'Tis six—come and dine,
And over our wine
We'll talk of our juvenile laurels ;
What boys were we then !
But now we are men,
And seldom engage in street quarrels.

At twelve let us sup,
We'll not keep it up
All night, like your rake-helly ranters ;

At three, or half after,
The goddess of laughter,
Shall bear off the empty decanters.

We'll talk of our gambols,
Our riots and rambles,
Till Phœbus looks out of his garret ;
Two bottles in one,
Are excellent fun,
So, waiter—a *magnum* of claret.

ODE VIII.

To Mrs. MARY ANNE CLARKE.

Ulla si juris tibi pejerati

IF, furious as your seeming fibs,
 Fate aided by Sir Vicary Gibbs,
 On thee, frail fair one, pouncing,
 Had pair'd one nail or drawn one tooth,
 While tooth and nail you fought for truth,
 I might have thought you bouncing.

But now, the grand inquiry o'er,
 You blaze upon us more and more,
 For public life grown fitter—
 To Westbourne Place all parties go—
 At lovers' perjuries we know,
 Great Jove himself will titter.

Whether a widow or a wife,
 Who cares ? admit your private life
 Than Erebus were fouler ;
 The public is indifferent quite,
 Whether upon a given night,
 You slept with me or *Dowler*.

Psha ! Venus laughs at tricks like these,
 Her nymphs, whatever their degrees,
 Will cheat when they are able.
 Yes, when commissions are the bait,
 E'en Dulwich hermits emulate
 The Santon in the fable.

New lovers swell your list ; the old
 Still make their suit, all potent gold
 Unwilling to abandon :
 Revolving time may view again,
 Bowing obsequious in your train,
 Some future Captain Sandon.

Mothers by you their daughters warn,
 And bid the tittering hussies scorn
 Your scandalous behaving.

The prudent, parsimonious sire,
Trembles to see his son admire
 Your mezzotint engraving.

The blushing bride your name reviles,
And in your fascinating smiles
 Anticipates disaster.

The Cit who keeps a Clarke like you,
His Saturnalian fate will rue,
 And find the Clerk the master.

ODE IX.

THE YOUNG WIDOW.

Non semper imbres nubibus hispidos.

Not for ever bleak November,
Chills the gayly dancing hours ;
Rolling time, dear girl, remember,
Decks the bright parterre with flowers.

Ice the Serpentine may cover,
Oaks their leafless boughs display ;
What care I ? the winter over,
Soon shall follow laughing May.

Why should'st thou, all joy denying,
Still in tears thy 'kerchief steep ?
Pale Aurora hears thy sighing,
Setting Phœbus sees thee weep.

Clad in bombazeen and cam'let,
Gertrude wept a monarch dead :
See her soon, forgetting Hamlet,
Take his brother to her bed.

Dido torn from poor Sichæus,
Thus repining sought relief :
“ Anna ! don't you think Æneas
“ Might contrive to heal my grief ?”

Thy good man in sleep reposes ;
Soon thou wilt another choose :
Widow's weeds all turn to roses,
When a comely suitor woos.

Give the hours to joyous greeting,
Vulgar sorrows far above ;
Youth and beauty, O how fleeting !
O how fleeting, woman's love !

Let us sing the song you relish,
Who at Brighton bears the bell,
Walking Barclay, racing Mellish,
Fun, and vive la bagatelle !

Tears from Pluto's dark dominion
Cannot now thy husband keep ;
If they could, 'tis my opinion
Those bright eyes would cease to weep !

ODE X.

Rectius vives, Licini, neque altum.

TO ROMEO,

On his late Fall from his Curricie.

SOUND, Romeo, sound a wise retreat,
 For though the town's applause is sweet,
 It's hiss is dire and horrid :
 Nor when you give the boards the slip,
 And change the truncheon for the whip,
 Paye Pall Mall with your forehead.

Philosophy nor wastes nor spares,
 Starves not to benefit his heirs,
 Nor spends his all in riot ;
 Dines not at nine a Duke to meet,
 Nor dives at one, in Dyot Street,
 For *Ordinary* diet.

When ice encrusts the slippery bank,
The tallest fall with heaviest spank,
 (The bard who writes has felt it,)
The bolt that strikes thy dome, Saint Paul,
Sweeps o'er the cobbler in his stall,
 And leaves his wax unmelted.

When caution's doublet cloaks the breast,
We fear the worst, we hope the best ;
 Last Wednesday seem'd a dry day,
But Jove pour'd down a waterfall
That spoilt our party to Vauxhall ;
 What then ?—We went on Friday !

Would you Contentment's bower approach,
Walk, or when cloudy, call a coach ;
 When Sirius rages, boat it ;
When quizzers roast you, silent sit ;
And when admirers hail your wit,
 Suspect Joe Miller wrote it.

ODE XI.

The QUIDNUNC.

Quid belicosus Cautaber et Scythes.

CEASE, cease, my dear Harry, to trouble your }
 brain,

With Spain and her heroes to liberty true ;
 Napoleon must cut off an arm of the main,
 Ere he, or his arms, can give trouble to you.

Our youth, like a rainbow, soon loses its charms,
 And with it life's flattering colours are gone ;
 Soft sleep, love, and pleasure, are scared from our
 arms,

As age on his crutches comes tottering on.

The spring and its roses soon bend to the blast,
The moon fades away, leaving darkness behind ;
Since nature will change, why should misery last,
Or care and his legions bedevil our mind ?

Dear Hal, if thou lov'st me, (as Falstaff would say)
Let carking old care be invaulted below ;
And if he will rise when you wish to be gay,
Bid him bring you a bottle of *Chateau-Margoud*.

Then let him, when Bacchus and pleasure combine
To banish the woes of this whirligig world,
Like Clarence obtain his quietus in wine ;
Within the Red Sea, let his spirit be hurl'd.

The drinkers of water are drunkards, not we,
Ariston men Udor's an adage for swine ;
For man's like a beast tippling water, and he
Must be drunk as a beast who refuses his wine.

Let Laura, the lovely enchantress, appear,
And breathe to her harp the effusions of Moore :
Enjoying these transports, oh, what should we fear,
While wit can exalt us, or beauty allure ?

Then cease, my dear Quidnunc, to groan at the news,
Nor mourn o'er the records of national sorrow,
But if you *must* study, oh study to lose,
In this day's enjoyment the thought of to-morrow.

ODE XII.

MISS PUFF.

Nolis longa feræ bella Numantiæ.

To Horace in Rome.

IMMORTAL Flaccus, on my soul,
Well might you think it passing droll,
Were I to start the rival of your glory;
Ape in my odes your playful verse,
Affect your satire, keen and terse,
Or grace with kings and chiefs my classic story !

-You, mighty minstrel, are at home
Chaunting the civil wars of Rome,
The praises of Augustus or Mæcenæ :

My humble Muse in London tells,
Of civil wars 'twixt beaus and belles,
Or burns for thee, Miss Puff, the City Venus.

That eye I sing, whose ambush-play
Kills while it looks another way,
That voice so true to false and vulgar grammar,
That breast I know not where to find,
That graceful curvature behind,
That wealth her father conquer'd with his hammer.

When at my Lord Mayor's ball she dines,
In gold and carving how she shines,
Or like an *Ignis Fatuus* cuts her capers!
Ah me! in vain I look and sigh,
Some fool will own that goosberry eye,
And make her gold a *nostrum* for the vapours.

Tho' now in Laurence-Pountney-Lane,
The cruel Syren holds her reign,
Unseen, unnotic'd, through her spatter'd casement,

Soon blazing forth in Russell Square,
The gilded monster shall be there,
A fruitful theme of laughter and amazement.

ODE XIII.

The STOCK JOBBER'S LAMENT.

Ille et nefasto te posuit die.

O FATAL Omnium, wicked was his noddle,
 Who first created (omen of ill luck)
 Thee, doomed to make thy holder almost waddle,
 And turn a green Goose, to a limping Duck.

NAPOLEON, who with me has play'd the Devil,
 Has doubtless acted it with many more,
 In midnight massacres disposed to revel,
 Or poison soldiers upon Jaffa's shore.

All other crimes I could forgive thee, Boney,
 But this exceeds the blackest in degree ;
 'Tis murderous sacrilege to take my money,
 For money is both life and soul to me.

We cannot all of us be always winners,
Bulls will hold on when markets mock their art ;
And disappointed Bears, tho' cunning sinners,
Sometimes hold off, when prices upward start.

Fortune takes one behind her on a pillion ;
Another whom to-day she tumbles down,
To-morrow she may bless with half a million,
And leave the first with scarcely half a crown.

How narrow my escape from utter ruin !
On the black board I thought to see my name,
Where every sneering brother Bull or Bruin,
Might read at once my losses and my shame.

There future Ducks who in hot water dabble,
Chatter of leagues and wars in sounds confused :
Others of Long Annuities will gabble,
Or prate of my appropriate Fund——Reduced.

But what a sudden truce to their debating,
When the commissioners are served with stock !
Then Bulls and Bears, no more each other baiting,
Round a new pivot clamorously flock.

ODE XIII. STOCK JOBBER'S LAMENT. 149

Three headed Cerberus stands mute with wonder,
To find his roar excell'd by human tongues,
With lifted hands, all bellowing like thunder,
A fleet of fingers in a storm of lungs.

Rise from the shades, old Orpheus, with thy fiddle,
To quell this row among the biped cattle ;
Bid Bulls with dancing Bears lead down the middle,
So shall their tongues and heels in concert rattle.

ODE XIV.

Eheu! fugaces, Posthume, Posthume.

To any Great Man.

AH me! on his wide-waving pinions,
Time carries us on day by day,
And downwards to Pluto's dominions
We mortals are posting away.

Not *Huntingdon*, cleansed from his errors,
And dubb'd by diploma S. S.
Has yet taught the monarch of terrors
To dine on one mouthful the less.

Sage *Solomon's* Gilead potion
No chronic disease can assuage;
O *Gowland*, how vain is thy lotion,
To blot out the wrinkles of age!

Whole *hecatombs*, vainly we proffer
To hell's unappeasable chief,
Old Iron-cheek laughs at the offer, .
And swallows down us and our beef !

We all in one pinnace are rowing,
The haven we seek is the grave ;
The Stygian waters are flowing,
Alike for the monarch and slave.

We shun the rude billows of Ocean,
We shrink from the wind and the rain,
We fly from the battle's commotion,
And dodge the grim serjeant in vain.

The bourn we have all such a dread of
We quickly must visit below,
And talk with the heroes we read of
In *Lyttleton*, *Lucian*, and *Rowe*.

Good bye to your farm and your stables,
Farewell to your liveried train;
Your well-jointur'd widow in sables,
Shall mourn like the twice mated *Dane*.

That nodding plantation to-morrow
For some other owner shall bloom,
The yew tree alone in mute sorrow
Shall sullenly wave o'er your tomb.

This house, when it boasts a new dweller,
Shall bid thrifty prudence farewell ;
Your son, with the keys of the cellar,
Shall tinkle your funeral knell.

Your claret shall flow like a river,
Your old bottled port set adrift,
Shall drown every thought of the giver
In frolicksome love of the gift. —

ODE XV,

NEW BUILDINGS.

Jam pauca aratro jugera regia.

SAINT George's Fields are fields no more,
 The trowel supersedes the plough ;
 Huge inundated swamps of yore,
 Are changed to civic villas now.

The builder's plank, the mason's hod,
 Wide, and more wide extending still,
 Usurp the violated sod,
 From *Lambeth Marsh*, to *Balaam Hill*.

Pert poplars, yew trees, water tubs,
 No more at *Clapham* meet the eye,
 But velvet lawns, Acacian shrubs,
 With perfume greet the passer by.

Thy carpets, Persia, deck our floors,
Chintz curtains shade the polish'd pane,
Virandas guard the darken'd doors,
Where dunning Phœbus knocks in vain.

Not thus acquir'd was GRESHAM's hoard,
Who founded LONDON's mart of trade ;
Not such thy life, GRIMALKIN's lord,
Who *Bow's* recalling peal obey'd.

In *Mark* or *Mincing Lane* confin'd,
In cheerful toil they pass'd the hours ;
'Twas theirs to leave their wealth behind,
To lavish, while we live, is ours.

'They gave no treats to thankless kings ;
Many their gains, their wants were few ;
'They built no house with spacious wings,
To give their riches pinions too.

Yet sometimes leaving in the lurch
Sons, to luxurious folly prone,
'Their funds rebuilt the parish church—
Oh ! pious waste, to us unknown.

We from our circle never roam,
Nor ape our sires' eccentric sins ;
Our charity begins at home,
And mostly ends where it begins.

ODE XVI.

WIT ON THE WING.

Otium Divos rogat in patenti.

To George Colman the Younger.

THE youth, from his indentures freed,
Who mounts as'ride the winged steed,
The muses' hunt to follow ;
With terror eyes the yawning pit,
And for a modicum of wit
Petitions great Apollo.

For wit the quarto-building wight
Invokes the Gods ; the jilt in spite
Eludes the man of letters.
Wit thro' the wire-wove margin glides,
And all the gilded pomp derides
Of red morocco fetters.

Vain is the smart port-folio set,
The costly inkstand, black as jet,
 The desk of polish'd level ;
The well-shorn pens to use at will :—
'Tis no great task to cut a quill—
 To cut a joke's the devil !

Happy, for rural business fit,
Who merely tills his mother wit,
 In humble life he settles ;
Unskill'd in repartee to shine,
He ne'er exclaims, " descend, ye *nine* !"
 But when he plays at skittles.

They who neglect their proper home
To dig for ore in Greece or Rome,
 Are poor Quixotic Vandals ;
'Twas well enough in needy Goths,
But why should we, like foolish moths,
 Buzz round the Roman candles ?

Care swarms in rivers, roads, and bogs,
It's plagues spring up like Pharaoh's frogs,
Too numerous to bury ;
It roams through London streets at large,
And now bestrides a Lord Mayor's barge,
And now a Vauxhall wherry.

The man who no vertigo feels,
When borne aloft on Fortune's wheels,
But at their motion titters ;
Pitying the sons of care and strife,
Enjoys the present sweets of life,
Nor heeds its future bitters.

Poor *Tobin* died, alas ! too soon,
Ere with chaste ray his *Honey Moon*
Had shone to glad the nation :
Others, I will not mention who,
For many a year may (*entre nous*)
Outlive their own damnation.

Who creep in prose, or soar in rhyme,
Alike must bow the knee to Time,
 From Massinger to Murphy ;
And all who flit on Lethe's brink,
'Too weak to swim, alas ! must sink,
 From Davenant to Durfey.

Your rival muses, like two wives,
Assail your pate, and while each strives
 To win you to her quarrel,
Like Garrick painted by Sir Jos,
You stand between them, at a loss
 On which to weave the laurel.

My Muse is of the ostrich sort,
Her eggs of fortune's gale the sport,
 She in the sand conceals 'em :
By no intrusive wanderer found,
'Till watchman Phœbus walks his round,
 And with his lamp reveals 'em.

But should the god's revealing ray
Destroy her fragile web to-day,
 She'll spin again to morrow ;
These trifles ne'er her mind annoy,
Who never knew a parent's joy,
 Ne'er felt a parent's sorrow.

ODE XVII.

*PENNY WISE AND POUND
FOOLISH.*

Cur me querelis exanimas tuis.

WHY plague me to death with your sighs ?
 Why mope you thus froward and mulish ?
 Your Brother, your friend PENNYWISE
 Will never survive his POUNDFOOLISH.

You lose in adventure your gold,
 Whilst I half commissions am rich in ;
 I freeze in the parlour with cold,
 You waste all the coals in the kitchen.

So firm our affection, so true,
 So constant, or losing or winning,
 The blow that demolishes you
 Will set all my farthings a spinning.

How complex the purse we have spun !

If e'er LIBERALITY sever

The close twisted thread of the one,

The other is ruin'd for ever.

If fever assail me, for thee

Dog cheap with the evil I'll wrestle ;

I'll spurn Doctor Bailey to fee

Some second rate knight of the pestle.

Our mother, high wages to save,

Engaged for a nurse a cheap dawdle,

Who hurried her off to the grave,

By giving her gruel for cawdle.

When O. P.s set up a hubbub,

We did not each other as foes treat,

I pack'd off the beefeater's club,

And you rais'd the pillars in Bow Street.

Last week I bespoke me a hearse,

Self Interest whisper'd—Self murder ;

But *Avarice* lurk'd in my purse,

And, lucky escape ! overheard her.

Our bed is a second-hand tent;

Away with the cushions of comfort!

Do you daub the house with cement,

And I'll burn a coal to Count Rumford.

ODE XVIII.

THE UNANSWERABLE QUERY.

Non ebur, neque aureum.

SAGE elephant, thou'rt safe—I hold
No ivory, save one tooth-pick case,
My paper boasts no edge of gold ;
My stationer is *Henry Hase*.

My stucco is of Gallic grey,
My cornices from gilt are free ;
My pillars spurn the gaudy sway
Of antichristian porphyry.

I boast no heaps of sordid gain,
No plunder'd heirs my fraud bemoan ;
I bear no golden fleece from Spain,
To patch a *Joseph* of my own.

Yet honour and the liberal arts
 To Fashion's dome my steps invite ;
 And when the God of Day departs,
 I kiss the Muse by Dian's light.

Through life's low vale I take my way,
 From wealthy friends no wealth I borrow,
 Content to see the passing day
 So used as not to mar the morrow.

Whilst Avarice counts his bags of gold,
 And Mammon's dome salutes the sight,
 New moons succeed the waning old,
 Day urges day with ceaseless flight.

See towering o'er *Threadneedle Street*
 A mausoleum, rais'd by Soane,
 Where dutiful directors meet,
 Thy loss, dead bullion, to bemoan.

The mansion swells behind, before,
 Old *Lothbury* laments in vain :
 The *saint* who lost his skin of yore,
 Now mourns the loss of half his lane.

Oh ! say what means this deafening din,
A thousand Babel voices shout ;
Bears leagued with bulls rush roaring in,
And limping lame ducks waddle out.

Hence speculation upward springs,
Nor heeds the law that rules the ball,
Who mounts aloft on paper wings,
But mounts, like Icarus, to fall.

Earth labours with a motley freight,
From Gallia's king to Afric's slave;
But soon or late impartial fate
Bestows on all an equal grave.

To bear poor souls to Pluto's tribe,
One doit is Charon's modest gain,—
Ten thousand pounds will never bribe
The rogue to row us back again !

In earth our splendour to enshrine,
Like sightless moles, we downward toil ;
For this, pale Avarice digs the mine,
And ruddy Labour ploughs the soil.

ODE XVIII. UNANSWERABLE QUERY. 167

Ye monarchs, doom'd at last to die,
Where now is all your golden store?
Where now—but, if you won't reply,
'Twere waste of words to ask you more.

ODE XIX.

COBBETT.

Bacchum in remotis carmina rupibus.

WHERE halts the Richmond coach to bait,
With ears erect and mouth dilate,
 (Believe it future ages)
I saw the Naiads quit the Thames,
Fishers their nets, and boys their games,
 To dive in Cobbett's pages.

Cobbett, huzza ! I burn ! I rave !
Laws, locks, and Lincoln gaol I brave ;
 Spare, Anarch lov'd yet dreaded,
The bard who hails you tumult's god,
And lauds your pen, like Hermes' rod,
 Gall-tipp'd and serpent-headed.

With yours, his own, and Horne Tooke's tongues,
The Baronet's exhaustless lungs,
 The dog of hell outwarble :
While you his Gorgon vipers wield,
Back on your master turn the shield,
 And change his heart to marble.

The *cat o' nine tails* you abuse,
And billingsgate each classic muse ;
 Henceforth another cue get :
The assailant now the *Nine* assail,
Each muse contributing a *tail*,
 To whip you into Newgate.

When Jacobins, in reason's trance,
Ruled, mob on mob, devoted France,
 Reacting on reaction ;
You baffled, tooth and nail for law,
And hid beneath the lion's paw,
 The cloven foot of faction.

Hail, Botley Bifrons ! sinuous eel !
How shall the Muse your course reveal ?
 In what Pindarics word it ?
Round like a weathercock you flit,
As interest veers, now puffing Pitt,
 And now inflating Burdett.

E'en Windham, chivalrous no more,
In your hot water dipp'd his oar,
 And let your torrent turn him ;
He hymn'd your worth, your virtues sung,
And lick'd, with metaphysic tongue,
 The foot ordain'd to spurn him.

ODE XX.

THE LYRICAL LACKEY.

Non usitatâ nec tenui ferar.

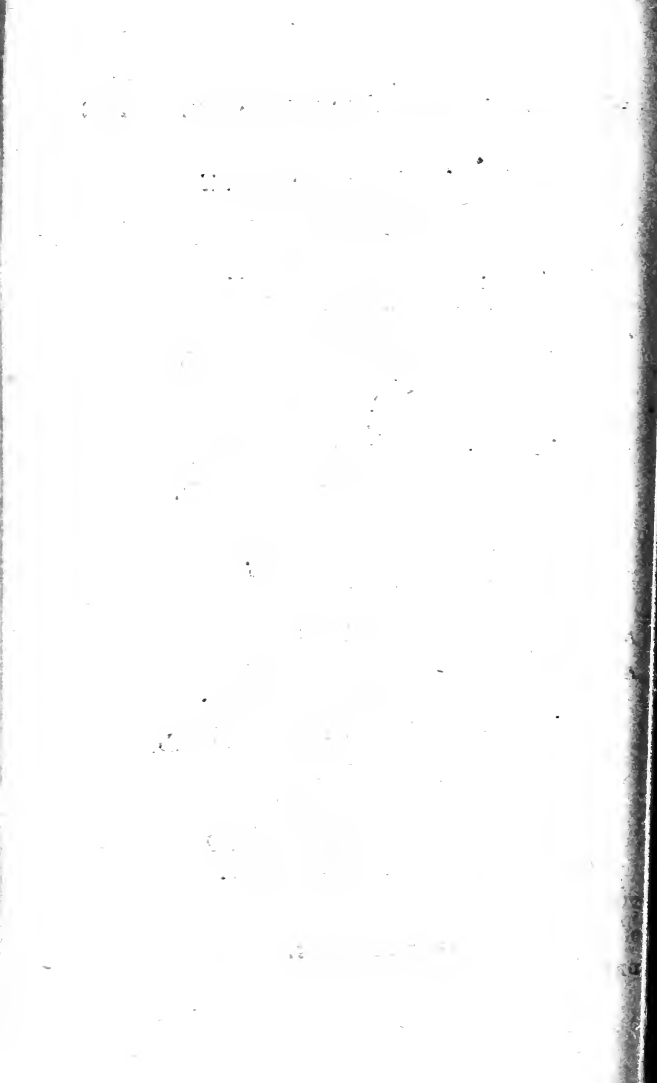
STAND clear! and let a poet fly :
 On *this* wing lyric,
 That satyric,
 I'll mount, like Garnerin, the sky,
 Nor mope in Grub Street garret :
 Though lowly born, I'll fear discard,
 My polish'd odes
 To gay abodes
 Shall bowl me, like a merry bard,
 To sing and tipple claret.

Enroll'd among the black leg race,
 No longer man,
 A milk-white swan,
Aloft my airy course I trace,
 And mount o'er London city—
On wings of foolscap, wire-wove, glaz'd,
 Thro' margin wide,
 Serene I glide,
Whilst long-ear'd citizens amazed,
 Cry "bravo" at my ditty.

Trotting thro' Pindus flow'ry path,
 In waltzes, reels,
 I'll shake my heels,
I'll dip at Brighton, sip at Bath,
 And doff my suit of sables—
Tall Tully of a Spouting Club,
 I'll mimic Pitt
 In all but wit,
And cut the *Diogenic* tub,
 For *Alexandrine* tables.

Tho' all the while my proper self
Is snug at home,
My pen shall roam
A modish tour in quest of pelf,
And scorning critic cavils,
I'll visit Egypt, Florence, Greece,
And then return,
Thro' Basle and Berne,
The London Booksellers to fleece,
And sell John Bull my travels.

Of epics, I'll compose a *few* ;
The vile reviews,
I'll ne'er peruse ;
I'll edit bards I never knew :
I'll catch at all commissions :
Like Harlequin, tho' far more plump,
My tricks I'll play,
'Then hey ! away !
Bounce at a single leap, I'll jump
Thro' half a score editions !



JOKEBY,

A

BURLESQUE ON ROKEBY,

A POEM,

IN SIX CANTOS,

BY AN AMATEUR OF FASHION;

.....

To which are added,

OCCASIONAL NOTES,

By our most Popular Characters.

—————

“Go to—thou talkest of nothing.”

ROMEO.

=====

LONDON :

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1813.

YARLEY

THE HISTORY OF

YARLEY

IN THE

REIGN OF

EDWARD

THE FIRST

BY

JOHN

WYLLIE

ESQ.

OF

YARLEY

IN

THE

REIGN

P R E F A C E.

WHEN one man writes nonsense why may not another? And if that man's nonsense has met with such an extraordinary sale as the newspaper puffs infer, why may not his imitator hope for the same success? The author of JOKEBY trusts that his nonsense upon nonsense will have many readers; particularly as it is offered to the public at a *moderate* price; for he thinks that two guineas for a book "which would keep many a poor family from starving" is as bad as two guineas for a peach, "when" as O'Keeffe writes, "the poor want the common necessities of life." As it is ridiculous for a man to write notes upon his own production the author submitted the M. S. to the perusal of several ingenious persons whose observations, though the publication of the Poem, was thereby delayed, he is happy in uniting with the work.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE scene of this Poem is laid at CLERKENWELL and the adjacent places, HOCKLEY-IN-THE-HOLE, MUTTON-LANE, &c. &c.

It then shifts to ST. GILES's and other places in that vicinity.

The time occupied by the action is a space of Five Days in the winter Season.

JOKEBY.

CANTO I.

.....

I.

THE Moon reflects the winter snow,
But mild and soft the Zephyrs blow,
And, hiding half her face, the rain
Makes motley tincture of her train.
On Clerkenwell and Thames she seems
As changeable as guilty dreams,
When Conscience, with remorse and dread,
Gives wandering Fancy kicks in bed ;
Like blushing Shame she look'd abash'd,
Like Anger then she fiercely flash'd,
Appearing now to come and go,
She seem'd like Terror on tip-toe ;

Soon the black clouds dim all about,
And, like Despair, she is snuff'd out.
The Trav'ler all these various hues,
Reflected from the Thames, now views;
Then from Blackfriar's Bridge, with awe,
Perceives the instantaneous thaw,
Hears near Fleet Market and St. Paul,
By fits the heavy showers fall;
Lists to the wind's tremendous blast,
And holds his wet umbrella fast.

II.

Clerkenwell, which this changeful hour
Has inundated with the show'r,
Clerkenwell holds a ruffian guest,
Th' emotions of whose troubled breast,
In wild and strange confusion cramm'd,
Rival the torments of the damn'd.
Ere JAMES in sleep his senses lost,
From side to side he often tost,
Compos'd his limbs, and strove in vain
To banish thinking from his brain;
Queen Mab at length rode 'thwart his nose,
But with a train of fancied woes,
Mingling, a chaos to his mind,
The ills before him and behind.

Conscience, outstripping time, presents,
For ponder'd crimes, due punishments,
And calls her furies to reveal
The gallows and the halter's feel,
While her poor victim's mournful phiz,
Proclaims the sorrows which are his,
And proves we'll much be edified
By watching knaves at their bedside.

III.

While JAMES lay snoring, we might quiz
Strange changes in his sleeping phiz,
Sudden and ominous as those
The moon-beams on the Thames disclose?
There might be seen the blush of Shame,
There Anger's fierce and darker flame,
While the poor sleeper's hand the noose
Was struggling all the while to loose.
In vain he strove, the piteous moan
Was now succeeded with a groan;
The frequent kicks seem'd to imply
His body was suspended high.
Nor was this all; a sudden start
Drew from his collar-bone a smart;
Features convuls'd—a mutter'd word,
Now prove the tightness of the cord,

Till the last pang, so nigh to choke,
Starts JAMES, who instantly awoke.

IV.

He 'woke, and fear'd again to dose—
The gallows troubled his repose—
He 'woke—to strike a light and tell
The clocks which strike in Clerkenwell,
Or listen to the lasses' cry,
Or boys who went a whistling by,
Or catch, by fits, the notes sublime,
With which the watchman tells the time,
And envying think, how, when the sun
Bids the poor fellow's task be done,
Snug in his bed, and fancy free,
He snores like rustic honesty.

V.

Far distant sounds a ruffian's tread,
And JEMMY bouncing from his bed
Hath caught it, tho' no human ear,
Unsharpen'd by remorse or fear,
Could have o'erheard the noise of feet,
Until they trod, at least, Ray-street.
More plain the sounds now reach his ears,
The watchman's gabble, too, he hears.

At length their canes and voices tell
That some one is in Clerkenwell;
Below he hears too, in the hall,
The servant for a candle call,
To show the visitor the way
Up to the garrat, where JAMES lay.
They cry, "News from the boxing match!
A messenger comes with the watch."
Smothering now his painful dread,
By way of answer JEMMY said,
"Bring sprats and gin, and cold strong beer,
Admit the lad, and disappear."

VI.

The bully came with heavy stride,
The ample capes his visage hide,
For his great coat, of modern taste,
Wrapt, like a coachman's, round his waist.
Scarce answer he vouchsaf'd unto
JAMES MADDOKS' civil *how do y'do*,
But with a sneer he play'd his part,
He saw and scorn'd his dirty art,
When James the rushlight mov'd aside,
That its faint light might be applied
To show the stranger's face alone,
And all the while to hide his own.

The guest meantime, with a slow air,
Laid his great coat upon a chair,
He flung the rain from off his hat,
And with the coat, he laid down that;
His pocket-handkerchief took out,
Blew hard his nose, and wip'd his snout;
His seat then at the table took,
Without a word, a nod, or look,
And with avidity laid in
The sprats, which he wash'd down with gin,
As free from ceremony's tone,
As famish'd dog that gnaws a bone.

VII.

With deep impatience, mix'd with dread,
His host beheld him cut the bread,
And drink the beer too, like a sot,
Tho' it was sixpence now a pot.
Then James his chair mov'd from its place,
And walk'd about with hasty pace,
So anxious he to know forthwith
Tidings of so much weight and pith.
Cursing his guest's protracted cheer,
Cursing the sprats, the gin, and beer;
More vex'd was he when he was done,
For all the gin and beer were gone.

And greater too was his dismay,
When he the pot girl sent away.
Alone now with the stranger, he
To question was at liberty,
But a long pause did plainly show
He dreaded what he wish'd to know.

VIII.

Much in the stranger's phiz he saw
To justify his fear and awe ;
The sun had given it a brown hue,
And constant broils had mark'd it too ;
Shatter'd his skull, his temples cut,
And patches o'er his forehead put,
Yet left, what age alone could tire,
The fist of strength, the eye of fire ;
The brawny fist that nose oft broke,
The eye that indignation spoke,
That fist no match had ever found,
Ne'er in that eye had tear drops drown'd
The flame which rage had kindled there,
That laugh'd at pain, and knew not care,
Accustom'd to all dangerous toils,
To drunkenness and nightly broils ;

Death had he seen by sudden blows,
By fractur'd head, by broken nose,
By cane or stone, by noise or strife,
Knew all his shapes, and scorn'd his life.

IX.

But yet, tho' BERNARD'S ghastly stare,
Unmov'd, could blood and danger dare,
Still worse than apathy was his;
On his dark brow and iron phiz,
For wicked thoughts, long entertain'd,
Had o'er them full dominion gain'd.
All that gave grace to sin, all light
Gay Folly pass'd with boyhood quite,
And deeply-rooted manhood shows
The weeds of vice without a rose;
And yet the soil in which they sprung,
Had it been tamed when he was young,
Had depth and vigour to produce
The best of fruit for Virtue's use.
Not that e'en then his harden'd soul
The gentle passions could control;
But impudence might have been rul'd
By discipline, had he been school'd,
And theft, which impudence brought on,
Prevented, had he better known;

Had good instruction been the plan
He might have been an honest man.

X.

Ev'n now, by conscience uncontroll'd,
A noted thief—a villain bold;—
A sense of honor he retain'd,
And petty wickedness disdain'd;
For guilt which did not equal seem,
Fail'd in brave BERNARD'S high esteem;
And this felt MADDOX; while he strove,
In vain, by little acts of love,
To tempt his sullen guest to speak,
The news he wish'd, but durst not seek.
On other subjects spoke he free,
Save that which he now long'd to be—
But still the guest on no pretence,
Wou'd mark or spare him his suspense,
But with a peevish look, or so
Would briefly answer—Yes and No—
Or else he turn'd him a deaf ear,
Pretending not his words to hear,
And forc'd the embarrass'd host to bawl,
'Ere he would answer him at all.

XI.

Awhile he touch'd on various themes,
The playhouse, politics and dreams—

The Russian war—but great his awe,
When Bernard's grinning sneer he saw;
Then stammer'd—"Fought the boxers well;
Has Bernard news thereof to tell?
For sure a man so brave as he,
Cou'd n't fail a boxing match to see;
Nor wou'd he from the battle run,
Until the prize was lost or won."
"Here, in your garret, Bridewell near,
You, Jemmy Maddox, live in cheer;
What wonder others shou'd walk in,
To share your porter, sprats and gin;
For thirst and hunger are no doubt
The fate of those who walk about."
"Poo, trifle not—I heard them say,
A boxing match took place to-day,
And if I am mistaken not,
St. George's Fields too was the spot.—
I know you went to see the fight,
And saw it too—was all, pray, right?"

XII.

"Dost wish to know? In Lambeth then
I met, I think, five hundred men;
The ring was made, and on each face,
Impatience and suspense took place;

Loud cries ascend from every way—
“Huzza! my boys,”—“My boys huzza!”
Brave fellows faith—they went to blows,
The claret ran down from the nose;
I could have smil’d—but I was lothe,
To see th’ anxiety of both—
In making at each other’s head—
The eye or nose, as humor led.—
Some thought the foremost would be beat;
Some thought the battle doubtful yet;
They fought like devils, to obtain
A paltry prize—some trifling gain.
Had Bernard Roughhead not five pound,
When he as boxer took the ground?
No simpleton was I, I ween;
When Crib I met upon the green:
Mile-End has heard of my renown;
My fame has travelled o’er the town;
At Moorfields did I overthrow,
Notorious Bob of Bunhill-Row.
Mendoza knows what I can do,
And Christian too as well as Jew;
“Still from the purpose wilt thou stretch—
Good, gentle friend—What of the Match?”

XIII.

“ Good I am thought when songs abound,
And very good when gin goes round ;
Tho’ gentle ne’er, till now, was join’d
With Bernard’s manners unrefin’d.
But to proceed. The Boxers’ rage,
Excell’d all those on ASTLEY’s stage ;
For there of pugilists a set,
For gallery diversion met,
Who very dexterously sparr’d,
While plaudits loud were their reward ;
And when they made a clever hit,
They drew a clap then from the pit ;
Even thus, upon St. George’s Fields,
Both fought, and neither of them yields,
The wagers to increase begin,
Ambiguous, which of them would win,
Till Belcher with his fist of might,
Left Sammy very little sight ;
His friends then hung their heads with woe,
For Sam couldn’t see to deal a blow ;
Dost guess the rest ? In tumult tost,
Our comrades saw their wagers lost :
Those who exclaim’d huzza before,
Are dumb and cry huzza no more.

They see their hero on the ground,
And mark with sorrow every wound ;
Now, blind and bloody, Sam lay sore,
Incapable of boxing more ;
Thus far'd it, when I left the spot,
With Sam and Belcher all so hot."

XIV.

" Distressing news !" sly Jemmy said—
Affected sorrow bent his head ;
But joy which stole into his eye,
Gave his pretended grief the lie.
" Distressing news ! But why conceal,
What most of all you should reveal ?
Complete the tragic tale and say,
How much the money lost to-day :
What wagers of a large amount,
Among the parties did you count ?
Tho' 'twas my greatest foe that lost,
His fate a thousand tears would cost :
No answer ! friend, you know full well,
Whom 'tis I hate as I do hell ;
And whom yourself were wont to blame,
Tho' now you mention not his name."
With aspect grim—" Of friend or foe,
Aught," answer'd Bernard, " Would'st thou know,

Demand in civil terms and grave—
A proper answer you shall have;
For impudence and speeches sly,
I have no humour nor reply.”

XV.

The rage, which fear and art suppress'd,
Now boil'd at once in Jemmy's breast;
Such language from a rebel brat,
Made his proud heart go pit a pat.
“Villain! did'st thou thy debt discharge?
Dick of Field-Lane, is he at large?
False to thy honor, or thy oath,
Bully or Coward, one or both.
Wretch! did'st thou in thy promise fail,
To send thy Comrade Dick to jail?
Then from his chair the other rose,
And pull'd poor Jemmy by the nose;
His pinch, with thumb and finger stout,
Forc'd the brown snuff-drop from the snout.
“Well done,” he cried, and 'ere he swore,
Freed Jemmy's nose and gave a roar.
“Now Jemmy Maddox speaks thy heart,
Now dost thou act thy genuine part,
Worthy, but for thy cringing fear,
To rank with Bernard Roughhead here..

What carest thou for hot Belcher's toils,
So thou hast some of Dicky's spoils?
What mind'st thou tho' Dutch Sam be beat,
So I did not my vow forget.—
Thou wou'dst not care a crooked pin,
If Sam did never battle win,
So Dick of Field-Lane were to fall,
And like poor Sammy lose his all.
Sit down and be all smiling cheer,
Like brother-villains o'er their bier.
When tales are told of crows and knives,
Wou'd fright old maids out of their lives.
From first to last I'll frankly tell,
The deed of vengeance in Pall-Mall.

XVI.

“ When from determin'd spite I shrink,
Call me Poltroon, nor give me drink;
When wrongs I lay upon the shelf,
Call me an Ass and drink yourself!
Dick of Field-Lane is one of those,
Whom Bernard Roughhead deems his foes;
Or whom the gallows surely ends,
If reckoned one of his false friends.
As was his way, when in a throng,
Among dress'd folk he walk'd along,

And pick'd their pockets all the while ;
I saw the fellow's secret guile.
When 'tother way his eyes he cast,
And Jokeby's gang saw as they pass'd,
" What shame if Thieves won't share," he said—
I heard and thought too, as we stray'd,
We two had pretty pickings made
In many a crowded lane and yard,
Where Bernard's fist was Dick's safeguard.
I thought on Drury Playhouse burn'd,
Where constables our schemes o'erturn'd—
How from their gripe my friend I sav'd,
And for his sake all danger brav'd.
I thought on the Prince Regent's fête,
When close pursued up James's Street ;
'Thro' dirty lanes and courts I took,
Poor Dick with terror in his look,
And did with tenderness apply,
Raw beef to his sore blacken'd eye.
These thoughts now crowded in my mind,
To mar what boldly I design'd.

XVII.

" Hearts are not stone, for stones are hit :
Hearts are not oak, for oak is split.

When Dick desired me, as his way,
To aid him in his next essay,
I scarcely saw the iron crow,
I scarcely heard where he wou'd go.
Lost were my senses the whole day,
Debating if I'd Dick betray.
'Twas then I thought, how, sev'ral times,
His partner I had been in crimes ;
Nights in house-breaking and good cheer,
With him I've pass'd both far and near ;
But Dicky's manners gave me room,
To apprehend a fatal doom—
Fears, terrors, visionary frights,
Sadden'd and dim'd succeeding nights ;
The runners follow'd us with speed,
And marr'd each bold design and deed.
Then must I seek another trade ;
My resolution Dick dismay'd ;
If spoils he shar'd in one rude night,
I thrice the profits squander'd quite ;
A desperate dog then did I rove,
Unfit for merriment and love ;
Deem'd, like a bedlamite let loose,
Both dang'rous and of little use.—
The women fear'd my ugly mug,
At my approach some gave a shrug ;

The servants smok'd my wicked cast,
And shut their doors when Bernard pass'd ;
The little children shun'd my view,
And crying call'd me *bug-a-boo*.

XVIII.

The 'Times for reformation call,
And make my wants the wants of all ;
By Dicky urg'd, I join'd again .
His gang, their labours to sustain.
What profit waited on my toils ?
I little got of gain or spoils—
Dishonest thieves each deed disguised,
And I, neglected and despised,
Was sent on embassies the first,
In all their schemes to meet the worst.
This know'st thou well, thy gestures show,
But o'er again this shalt thou know ;
'Tis honor bids me now to state,
Each circumstance of Dicky's fate.

XIX.

News, from the pen that quickly greet,
Spread fast as lightning thro' the street,
As full confession now I made,
Dick of Field-Lane was thus betray'd,

And 'ere into the house he got,
His doom was seal'd, he went to pot.
I watch'd him thro' Pall-Mall and spied,
The officers on 'tother side ;
Then as a cat darts on a mouse,
Fierce Atkins bounc'd into the house ;
'Twas then the hurly-burly rose,
For each man went to cuffs and blows ;
'Twas then a lurking place I sought,
And Dick, a prisoner, was brought ;
A bitter look he now let fall,
On Foy and Atkins—that was all—
Think not I waited then to view,
What with their captive they wou'd do,
But 'ere I got near Downing-Street,
Some of my comrades did I meet ;
Sammy and David told the tale,
How the poor dog was drag'd to jail,
And many a time with all his main
He struggled to escape in vain,
Cursing the time his easy heart,
Led him his secrets to impart.
Yet when the bridge o'er Thames I clear'd,
Another rumour then I heard ;
At George's Fields fresh tidings say,
Jack had escap'd and ran away—

Be this a fact tho' or a lie,
Jemmy, you care as much as I.

XX.

Not then did Jemmy's looks unfold
How great his joy at what was told
By his accomplice, fierce and free,
Who boasted equal treachery.
By civil words he strove to prove
His thanks, his friendship, and his love;
Shook hands, and bow'd in courteous sort,
But Bernard cut good manners short,
" Jemmy, I cannot here delay,
Another moment I'll not stay,
Warn'd by the stories on record,
I trust to no associate's word.
Has it not oftentimes been said,
How many Roberts had betray'd,
How he, to keep his own neck from
The halter, basely hang'd poor Tom.
Oft at th' Old Bailey, near the pump,
The coachman sees his spectre jump,
And in that place which gave me birth,
The sweetest spot upon the earth,
Fleet Market, which with stalls abounds,
Wherein are taken many pounds,

Where you may purchase what you wish,
Beef, mutton, pork, or tripe or fish,
Ask how he died—that fellow brave,
Who came to his untimely grave—
And young and old will quickly tell
By Roberts' treachery he fell.
Thus warn'd by stories on record,
I trust to no associate's word.

XXI.

“ When on this business last we met,
We settled nought, or I forget,
Respecting how, or when, or where,
Dicky's possessions we should share;
Then mind, while I this point decide,
And each shall by those claims abide,
Thou, still attach'd to thy employ,
Shalt all the villain's tools enjoy.
The iron crows, pick-locks, and keys,
With honour thou may'st justly seize,
And these I grant; but nothing plan
That may affront a gentleman.
Friend to dear liberty! I mean
No more in London to be seen,
When an informer all hath shown,
He the reward doth justly own;

When a man marks a house to rob,
The booty's his who finds the job ;
By either claim I've right to trace
The watches, handkerchiefs, and lace.
Buried in many a secret hole,
The spoons which yesterday he stole,
The duplicates of plate and gold,
Which happily remain unsold,
Each golden seal, each silver pot,
And every thing which Dicky got,
I go to seek, where snug and sly
These plunder'd valuables lie.
Come with me then, for lacking thee
I should not get the kitchen key,
And then good by. I mean to flee,
And never more disturber be.
With cash in pocket I shall feel
An honest man, and live genteel.

XXII.

A sort of doubtful answer hung,
On Mr. Jemmy's faltering tongue ;
Spite of his craft, he heard with shame
This ragamuffin make his claim.
His heart is with mix'd passions torn,
With hatred, joy, regret, and scorn ;

Rejoic'd that Bernard leaves the town.
He grudg'd the informer half a crown,
Hated his bold, tyrannic way,
And fear'd alone with him to stay.
At length, in words polite and meek,
As cowardice is wont to speak,
" My wife," he said, " will not allow
Her husband to be absent now,
But William shall my place supply,
He knows Field-lane as well as I."

XXXIII.

Contempt kept Bernard's anger in,
His frown was now a scornful grin.
" William, or thou, alike to me,
Which ever finds the kitchen key;
Yet think not but I saw, and laugh'd,
To see thy dirty, paltry craft.
If a black eye from me you fear,
What, Jemmy Maddox stops me here?
Much stronger men I have knock'd down,
In darker places of the town;
Might I not dash thy *day-lights* out,
Ere thou could'st turn thyself about?
But, never fear, 'tis not my view,
But if it were, what could you do?

For trust me, when a quarrel rose,
This hand hath given some desperate blows.
But go, and call thy drowsy son,
Time flies, and I must also run."

XXIV.

Nought of his dad's nefarious art,
Was found in William's honest heart,
A heart too good, from early days,
To take delight in thievish ways.
His dad, whose other sons had been
As wicked dogs as e'er was seen,
On William did no value place,
For feeling heart, and modest face.
But he was his dear mammy's joy,
Who doated on her pretty boy.
No sports of youth his fancy caught,
Márbles and tops he held at nought,
Day after day he lov'd to read
His ballads, and to learn his creed;
But turn'd from vulgar songs, and low
Moll of the Wad, and *Tally ho!*
To learn *Adair's* melodious strain,
And charm his soul with *Crazy Jane*,
And be the colour of a sheet,
O'er *Mary's Lamentations* sweet.

XXV.

Tho' boy, he lov'd not boyish tricks,
Run-away knocks and throwing bricks,
But chose a quiet walk 'ere dark,
Round Bagnage-Wells, or in the Park ;
To Pentonville he'd often stray,
And hum a tune upon the way ;
The lofty Highgate he'd ascend,
Or else his steps to Hampstead bend ;
Such was his way—he'd then beguile,
With entertaining thoughts the while
Of faithful love, of vows sincere,
Till fancy stopping her career,
With hope no longer buoy'd the lad,
And left him in condition sad.

XXVI.

He lov'd—as many a tune could prove,
Whene'er he whistled strains of love ;
For his were nature's notes, he caught
The skill unseekable, unsought.
He lov'd—his heart was form'd indeed,
For love and hope his flame did feed ;
Vainly he lov'd—for simple lad
No faithful mistress ever had—

Mutely he lov'd—for in his eyes
Was passion—fondness in his sighs.
Thus pass'd his boyhood till Jack Ketch
His father's darlings help'd to stretch.
William is now his only son,
Whom all his hopes depended on,
And destin'd to become the heir,
Of stolen goods by Maddox' care.

XXVII.

William must love and court fair Kate,
The heir of Jokeby's sole estate—
To love was very easy done
By one who was already won—
To court was hard tho' for a youth,
Who scarce knew how to ope his mouth :
But what Kate could, she gave the swain,
To mollify his secret pain ;
Kind words and looks, devoid of spite,
And smiles—the lover's chief delight !
She heard the ditties which he sung,
And join'd in chorus with her tongue ;
Yet, loth t'encourage burning love,
Which never cou'd successful prove :
Whene'er to any height it rose,
In kindness she wou'd cock her nose ;

Then sad to see the lover's tear,
With dang'rous smiles again she'd cheer—

XXVIII.

Thus Master William's courtship stood,
When plunder wak'd the neighbourhood;
Three ruffians, muffled and disguised,
Th' unwary traveller-surprised—
In concert oft their schemes thus plann'd,
And the poor countryman trepann'd.
Clapping a pistol to his brains,
They rifle him of all his gains.
At Hockley-in-the-hole, a set,
At dusk of ev'ning Jokeby met,
A gang most desperate and bold,
Who never fail'd to bring home gold.
Dick knew him well in early life,
His sister had been Jokeby's wife;
Tho' long before they were renown'd,
His lady had been under ground.
Dick of Field-Lane his friends did meet,
At Bobby Tatters in Ragg-Street;
While Maddox had his butcher train
At Hogg's pork shop in Mutton-Lane;
But, less inclin'd to take the road,
Made Clerkenwell his snug abode;

So very wise and cunning he,
To keep his neck from halter free.

XXIX.

The lovely Maid of Jokeby's race,
To take the spoils now kept her place ;
For every ragamuffin blade,
Behav'd with honor to this maid,
And dared not, when they brought their stock,
The modesty of Kate to shock.
But William, son to Jokeby's foe,
The wish'd for pleasure must forego
Of ent'ring Hockley-in-the-hole,
To see the idol of his soul ;
Striving, by ev'ry am'rous wile,
To catch a look and win a smile,
And leave the fair one to suppose,
The artifice from chance arose:
Or more to captivate the fair,
To sing a tender fav'rite air.
Something to do, to ask, to tell.
Say how do y' do?—or are you well?
Then, while fond extacies abound—
Ah, extacies no longer found!
Exchanging vows in speeches free,
Of love and lasting constancy;

Each fond embrace, each precious kiss,
The seal of hymeneal bliss.
This cannot be—so, like a mouse,
Will creeps into a public-house,
And there unseen, without control,
Sits watching Hockley-in-the-hole.
She comes!—'Tis but a transient sight,
Yet seems to give him some delight.
She comes not!—he will drink all night,
Until the lady strikes a light.
'Tis something, if, of the sweet lass,
Her shadow by the window pass.
“What is my love?” he then did bawl,
“Alas! a shadow after all!”

XXX.

Thus pass'd his time though reason strove
To get the better of his love—
Forcing the total on his mind,
Of frowns he found and still should find.
But a deaf ear the fellow turn'd,
And truth's impressive counsel spurn'd.
Simple, indifferent and good,
In all but this—the lad withstood,
Dame fortune's ever changeful mood;

For William, gentle, meek and coy;
Was Fancy's spoil'd and naughty boy;
In her fine curricule of brass,
She bade him ride with his sweet lass :
Or did with gems and diamonds mock,
And left him crowing like a cock :
Put a fools-cap upon his head—
A carpet for her actor spread—
For him her music gave to strike,
Which he who hears must surely like,
And plac'd him on a stage quite free,
From critics' incivility;
Till, seem to the poor dreamer's eye,
Her day-lies truth and truth a lie.

XXXI.

Woe to the lad whom fancy stirs,
Taking from reason's foot the spurs ;
Pity and woe ! for such a breast
Is mild, good-natured and distress.
And woe to those who have such boy,
And do not oft the rod employ,
To make a man of him at length,
While in the body there is strength—
Oh teach him by good lesson's aid,
To know the substance from a shade

Remind him of the wish he sought,
Plumb pudding, very good he thought ;
Remind him when his wish he had—
He eat till he was very bad.
O tell him, pray, he is an ass,
If that he look thro' fancy's glass,
And 'ere his eye the mirror meets,
Point out to him her various cheats.
The wise, two sisters, will bring in,
Sad Disappointment and Chagrin ;
The one blindfolds the gazer's eyes,
And he no longer sees a prize ;
The one induces him to fret,
That he a noble prize did'nt get ;
The gazer thinks those charms, pursued,
Are chang'd to ugliness when viewed,
While he who is depriv'd of sight,
Still thinks those charms are very bright.

XXXII.

More lack'st thou yet?—Behold then pray,
How William passes time away:
With a dull light, in the tap-room,
No small addition to his gloom,
He swears and lolls—thro' want of wits,
On his smock phiz misfortune sits—

The pipe half smok'd—the beer half drunk,
The table wet—his spirits sunk.—
See, he looks up—to conquer pain,
Now lights his pipe and smokes again.—
'Tis fancy conjures up the lass,
To make the fool a greater ass,
For like the pipe between his teeth,
Her visions end in smoke forthwith,
And passing on the dreamer jokes,
She leaves him to lament the *hoax*.
Now at the chamber doth he stare—
Vain hope! the lady is not there.
All is still silence—in the pot
Scarce any porter has he got.
Another half-hour must he spend,
Ere home his footsteps he must bend—
And hark! to drive away dull care,
He tries a little ballad air.—

.XXXIII.

SONG.

To the Pot of Beer.

Hail to thy strong and frothy stream,
Which gives the thirsty body cheer—
Hail tho' the publicans now seem,
To draw less quantities of beer.

O do the great in power fear,
If beer is plenty toil will cease ?
Or have they made the porter dear,
Because our earnings fast decrease ?

Sweet beverage ! thou art the staff
Of man, who, midst his toils and pains,
Recovers strength from *half and half*—
From *Whitbread's* malt new vigor gains ;
But wherefore should the price increase,
Oh why should porter be so dear ?
May Heaven grant us soon a peace,
Or 'twill be dearer still I fear.

Now he who used to drink a pot,
Must for a pint of porter spend—
And he who but that quantum got,
For half a pint must only send.
But shou'd the porter rise again,
Who for a pot wou'd ever call ?
'Twill be a warning to us then,
And teach us—to drink none at all.

XXXIV.

He jumps—a footstep strikes his ears ;
A sound !—his father now appears ;

Dull are his looks—his aspect grim,
Owing to Bernard's talk to him—
“ William !—for ever o'er thy pot ?
Thou hast no cause to be a sot ;
In kimbo Dicky lies to night,
And Bernard means to seize downwright
His plunder, got by toil and fuss—
'Tis all the better tho' for us ;
Thou to his chamber know'st the way—
Assist him then without delay ;
In every deed, in every trick,
Then in a whisper—“ take thy stick,
For Bernard is——Zooks he doth come,
He is a son of a——but mum.”

END OF CANTO FIRST.

CANTO II.

I.

Far in the Squares at the West-end,
The smoke of chimnies ceas'd t'ascend ;
The moon her pretty face didn't show,
In Piccadilly or Soho.
The glimm'ring lamps were almost out,
In Oxford-Street and thereabout—
And all the lanes that eastward lay,
Waited the sweeping brooms of day,
To drive away the mud and rain,
And make them passable again.
Now darkness hid all objects tall,
The Monument and e'en St. Paul ;
In Doctor's Commons all was still,
All quiet too in Ludgate Hill ;

Save in Cock Court where lasses meet,
Each pretty gentleman to greet ;
How much delighted if good luck
Shou'd throw into their way a Buck.

II.

How oft the amorous sounds of those,
Awake the watchman from his dose ;
Now looking from his box, he sees
A couple walking at their ease,
And tracks them into Stationer's Court,
Where they retire to have some sport,
And 'ere the coming hour he cries,
From the same court the pair espies,
Who to a night-house haste away,
And for a drop of comfort pay ;
Then towards Blackfriars walk alone,
That curious bridge of massy stone,
Where lamps are hung up at each side,
Which light for passengers provide ;
Where Thames is us'd to overflow,
And make a rumbling noise below ;
For drowning dogs nor barges here,
Nor arches check his fierce career,
Per force he swells with every tide,
And makes the very barges ride.

III.

Nor dogs alone in Thames are drown'd,
But other objects too are found,
For many a base Seducer's prey,
Hath wash'd her sorrows here away,
And accident unkindly gave
Poor fellows here a watry grave.
The lamplighter who hast'ly came,
To administer the needful flame,
Could not withstand the furious blast,
Tho' his boy held the ladder fast;
Into the river was he tost,
And light and lamplighter were lost!
In vain the boy look'd for his dad;
In vain indeed, for none he had—
Who near Blackfriar's cared a pin,
Or took the little orphan in?
Who at the Haymarket has play'd,
For his and his poor mother's aid?
No *Amateur*—no *Baronet*
Has *tragedized* for them yet!
He who Blackfriar's often lit,
Did sure deserve a benefit
If living, and had greater claim,
Than some, who, with a borrow'd name,

Have pocketed no little gain,
By licence from the Chamberlain;
Having, by trimming, to be sure,
Thrown light on passages obscure;
And the poor lamplighter I ween,
Wore linen that was seldom clean.

IV.

Bernard ne'er stop'd good-by to say,
For he avoided all delay;
But round his neck a kerchief tied,
And walk'd with William by his side;
While slow their pace and mute their tongues,
Tho' not thro' any want of lungs,
Till they St. James's watch-house pass'd,
And then their pace was rather fast;
But when they got to Mutton-Lane,
Their pace was rather slow again;
Each on his secret thoughts intent,
Quiet and mute they onward went;
You well may guess that Bernard's air,
To William seem'd most dev'lish queer;
You well may guess that Roughhead gruff,
Didnt care for Will a pinch of snuff;
And few the words of course that pass'd
'Tween folk of such a different cast.

V.

Grim Bernard took the longest way,
But why, in truth I cannot say ;
For leaving Saffron-Hill, no doubt,
He went a very round-about.—
Strait forward he his footsteps bent,
As if on mischief still intent,
Casting a curious eye all round,
And marking every distant sound,
And while pursuing thus their way,
In Hatton-Garden now were they ;
The haunted house they quickly saw,
Which has so many fill'd with awe.
“ Sad house of woe,” poor William sigh'd,
“ Where troubled ghosts so often glide ;
Some bloody deed—some iron chest,
Keeps Lady H——n from her rest.”
This to himself—for idle prate,
To Bernard was an insult great.

VI.

Of different kind, a deeper sigh,
Escaped, when Leather-Lane was nigh ;
For Jokeby's daughter, sweet and fair,
Had often bought her sheepheads there.

Oh then tho' Dibdin's self had been
Beside him in this lovely scene,
Lending the strains which happ'ly flow
For Sadler's Wells—its charms to show,
Painting, with merry *tick-a-tee*,
The acts of fond civility,
Which here so often pass'd between
The stripling and his Cyprian Queen;
For he with her was wont to come,
To bring the smoking *sheepheads* home;
And lest the lady should be *greased*,
To grease himself was highly pleased;
All this and more might Dibdin tell,
And *Mrs. Waddle* far excel;
While William only eyed the place,
And thought on pretty Kitty's face.

VII.

But Leather-Lane is left for good—
Kate's tripe shop is no longer view'd,
And into Holborn now they stray,
A well known, much frequented way.
A long and wide and well pav'd street,
As e'er was trod by human feet;
With here and there a private court,
And houses too of every sort;

And Inns on both the left and right,
Whose gates are fastened tho' at night.
Now down the hill, tremendous roars,
The dirty water into shores,
That he who near St. Andrew's waits,
May hear it rushing thro' the gates,
And like a coach in frantic spurt,
That drives away the stones and dirt;
May see the pools descend the street,
Spite of the rubbish that they meet,
Till at the bottom they spread wide,
Thick as the hobbies of man's pride,
That drive with fury down life's race,
As foul, as filthy, and as base !

VIII.

The shops, that make the people stare,
With trinkets, toys and other ware,
Were now all fasten'd, dull and still,
Till day-light should the places fill.
Here snores a man within his walls,
Who got his money by Three Balls ;
And there, all quiet and at ease,
The doctor dreams upon his fees ;
Oft thinks he that his bell has rung,
And back his curtains then are flung,

Or out of window pops his chin,
And disappointed, takes it in—
As little children on tip-toe,
When waiting for the Lord Mayor's show,
They think each moment now approach
The man in steel and the grand coach.
Such and more strange are men in bed,
And such the fancies of their head;
And so till rous'd by morning beams,
Cheated are they by idle dreams.

IX.

Now on the right the church is seen,
Which to its neighbours is a screen;
Aye, for so high St. Andrew stands,
Scarce any light Shoe-Lane commands,
Proving, by majesty, the awe,
Religious rites should always draw.
But here, adjoining the church-yard,
Assemble the nocturnal guard,
With whom some drunken bucks were join'd,
Who to their care had been resign'd;
Seem'd that these bucks to quarrel took,
'Bout what they never read—*The Book*;
For never knew the watch-house yet,
Such an unruly, ignorant set;

Nor gentle words, nor speeches sweet,
Could their accommodation meet:
One did with violence protest,
Th' EXAMINER *the Book* possess'd:
The other swore he extracts took,
And that THE TIMES possess'd *the book*;
Though now the Constable their rage,
Thought by kind language to assuage;
Yet when they ask'd the constable,
Who had *the book* he cou'd not tell,
And with a kind of careless air,
He wisely said—he did not care.—
The watchmen now began to mock,
Saying no heads but those of block,
Wou'd think of books at two o'clock.

X.

The simple plough-boy shun'd the yard,
For superstition bears most hard
On those who've heard old nurses boast
Of seeing in such place a Ghost.
When Christmas merriments abound,
Such stories generally go round,
While curiosity and dread,
Delight and fright, mark ev'ry head,

Till infancy looks round with fear,
And country lasses lose their cheer.
The prittle-prattle becomes dearer;
The company draw near and nearer;
A sudden start disturbs the prate,
As pussey has thrown down a plate.
Suppose, the terrors aforesaid,
St. Andrew's Parish now display'd,
For who had seen on Holborn-Hill,
Brave Bernard suddenly stand still,
At such a time, in such a way,
If under superstition's sway,
Might well have thought that hell was bent,
The base informer to torment;
While William saunter'd on behind,
As if like trouble seiz'd his mind.

XI.

Nor think to servant maids alone,
These visionary fears are known,
For not confin'd to sex or station,
Is Fancy's busy palpitation;
Hearts hard as rock, as iron stout,
Which kick'd both Love and Pity out,
Have quak'd like feathers in the wind,
Beneath the terrors of the mind.

Bernard had listed when at school,
The wondrous tales of many a fool,
Which secretly his faith beguil'd,
As much as when he was a child.
Alike when a bold, wicked youth,
He thought each idle tale a truth,
Heard with attention at this age,
The wonders of a *Ratcliffe's* page,
And studied with extreme delight,
Romances in the dead of night ;
When gossyps love to hear and tell,
Of demon, apparition, hell ;
Of Imogene who falsely bragg'd,
And whom to hell Alonzo dragg'd ;
Of the base Monk, inured to evil,
Who sold himself unto the Devil :
Or of Don Juan, who, with pride,
The spectre on a horse defied ;
And keeping consequence still up,
Invited Mr. Ghost, to sup,
Who true to the appointed hour,
Appear'd, the Spaniard to devour.
Then, to increase the dreadful shock,
They tell the tale of *One o'Clock* ;
The fatal hour rings in their ear,
They think that the Wood Demon's near,

And the poor creatures dreading harm,
Show consternation and alarm.

XII.

Thus then were told—with quivering tongue,
Wonders and signs from fancy sprung;
How, at Ringsend, or the Blind Quay,
Where Irishmen were wont to stray,
Or Donnybrook, or Stephen's Green,
Marvellous things were heard and seen.
Strange nightly sights, did they aver,
Appall'd the trembling passenger;
For as such folk must always stretch,
They swore that he beheld a *fetch*—
This is a kind of *living* ghost,
Which squeez'd poor fellows 'gainst a post,
The form of any one, who might
Be distant twenty miles that night.
The list'ner's heart they thus subdue,
Who strives to say a prayer or too;
Curses old women's tales and then,
Endeavours to be brave again,
To give, by acts of vengeance base,
A story for another place.

XIII.

Thus, as a man, a lad, a brat,
Train'd in the wondrous and all that;
With this on Bernard's easy heart,
Rush'd a deep sense of all his art;
Such to his troubled mind their look,
As any *Fetch* in Donnybrook—
And such their sign, as bad almost,
As to be squeez'd against a post,
That grief—whose momentary sway,
Horrid 'twixt Conscience and Dismay—
That grief, no doubt, upon him prey'd,
When this to Will he sudden said—
“ William, this place is never trod,
Until day-light sends folks abroad;
Yet here this morning have I jogg'd
A form which seem'd as if it dogg'd;
Twice from my grasp it seem'd to glide,
And hid itself on t'other side.
What say'st thou? are our steps pursued?
Or has your dad been somewhat rude?
If so——” then, rousing from his fit,
He on a gentler subject hit—
Will wou'd have answer'd in some sort,
But Bernard, jumping, cut him short.

“ Whoe’er thou art—repent that kick,”
Then scamper’d with uplifted stick.

XIV.

As springs a tom-cat at its prey,
He shot him down the lonesome way;
Hill, lane and street, all witness bear,
To his loud step and frantic air;
Seems that the object of his speed,
Hath reach’d Smithfield, with little heed
Foremost he runs—where cattle lay,
Within their coops for market-day,
Striving each method to get loose,
Foot, hand and knee, are now of use.
William, all foolish with affright,
Views from the path his dreadful plight;
Now over filth and dirt he goes,
Now with the mud bedaubs his clothes;
Now like a monkey on a stump,
He needs must take a furious jump;
Hid in a place with wallowing pigs,
You mark him by the breaking twigs,
And by his stick which fury deals,
And by the kicking of his heels;
And by the sheep disturb’d from rest,
And bulls which bellow at their guest,

Who think that his intruding feet,
Should half a dozen tosses meet.

XV.

Behold, he rises! to prevail
Now resolute—yon slender rail,
Which seems to totter all the time;
What man alive shall dare to climb?
It bears no prop for his support,
Presents no hold of any sort;
Sole stay whereon his foot may rest,
Is but three inches at the best—
Being on such a narrow step,
He scarce can stoop to take a leap;
Just as the dangerous leap he takes,
By heaven, his rotten footstool shakes!
Strength for his mighty weight it lacks,
It bows—it totters and it cracks!
And falling down in pieces lay,
Mixing with others in the way—
The crash proclaim'd aloud the joke—
Broke it alone? alone it broke.
Keeping away from any stones,
The cunning Bernard sav'd his bones;
He trusted to a bed of dirt,
And soon got up again, unhurt.

XVI.

William a cleaner way prefer'd,
And kept aloof from the wild herd ;
Rude steps of drovers and such crew,
Render'd the path-way dirty too ;
By circuit slow he reach'd the spot,
Where Roughhead had his tumble got ;
And when Snow-Hill they walk'd again,
At length they turn'd into Field-Lane.
'Twas a dull scene ! the shops all closed,
No handkerchiefs were now exposed—
And thro' an aperture he sees,
A rush-light left to find the keys,
Which having burn'd some hours or so,
Was very nearly on the go ;
And in the cellar, on a chair,
Shed a faint glimmer here and there ;
All above stairs were not in bed,
For fun was passing overhead—
Some lovers who together met,
Sung forth a favorite duet.

XVII.

'Twas finely sung that sweet duet,
In happiness the lovers met ;

But love and harmony, they tell,
Mark'd not at present Dicky's cell.
No dame attended, full of airs,
To show the visitor down stairs;
To purchase aught no Christian drew,
To sell old clothes no Hebrew crew.
No little maiden hum'd an air,
While mopping down a kitchen stair;
In this apartment of the house,
Mov'd not a foot, nor stir'd a mouse;
No kitten gay, with sportive paw,
Play'd with the shadow or a straw;
Unswept, unwash'd, the spiders art,
With cobwebs now fill'd ev'ry part;
All prov'd the master in distress,
All prov'd neglect and dirtiness.
A door which in the corner lay,
Now pointed to a secret way,
With piece of chalk upon this place,
Was rudely drawn a woman's face.
A kind of Token, as it seemed,
Of one who had been much esteemed;
The nose and chin, which had been made,
A likeness of the fair convey'd,
Drawn with some taste, tho' not with skill,
Ability ne'er join'd the will.

Here, lost in thought, with tumble sore,
Stood Bernard gazing at the door.

XVIII.

“ It pass’d me like an empty shade,
Before this door it stopp’d,” he said—
This door, which leads to, I am sure
Where Dick thinks all his spoils secure.
I hear indeed he lov’d his wife,
Who had transported been for life.
But I am certain he lov’d more
His property, his hidden store,
And that he sketch’d those features rude,
To please him in his solitude—
A noted plunderer I knew,
What time I join’d with David’s crew,
Who oft, when we were drinking, spake
Of Avershaw, Bill Jones and Lake ;
Audacious rogues ! who risk’d so brave,
Their necks the ready cash to have.
Trust not, his wisdom wou’d explain,
Captain or comrade with your gain,
But, seek some cupboard, when, all dark,
No eye can your proceedings mark ;
There look and search for all the prey,
And call a *Fetch* to bear away ;

Sure servants they, if secret charm,
The absent person should alarm ;
Lacks there such cupboard?—peach a rogue,
Who kept his property *incog*,
And bid his discontented *Felch*,
In the lone cellar nightly stretch—
Such was his tale—faith, by the view
I had just now, I think it true.

XIX.

William, who did not care a pin,
For idle tales began to grin,
Much wondering that a man so brave,
To such a story credence gave.
But yet of Bernard tried to pump,
The kind of form that made him jump.
That blush upon the guilty face,
Oft hidden, never from its place,
Which unawares is glowing hard,
To put the villain off his guard,
And make him at a moment's call,
Spite of himself discover all.
That blush on Bernard's cheek still play'd,
And thinking not of Will, he said—
“ It was the form, the foot of Dick,
I felt behind his usual kick—

His shoe, his toe—'twas Dick by Hell,
As when I peach'd him in Pall-Mall."
"Thou peach him?—thou?" his error found,
He stared and then resum'd the sound.
"I peach'd him! I!—but now, I wot,
Thou, youngster, of our scheme knew'st not—
But it is said—and word that's spoke,
Or deed that's done I ne'er revoke.
I peach'd him! I!—for reasons wise,
Dick by my means in kimbo lies."

XX.

William, of tender heart and hand,
Averse to any action grand—
But most averse to noisy strife,
Fond of his ease—a quiet life—
Yet this admirer of sweet lays,
Nurs'd one brave spark of noble blaze;
'Gainst falsehood, malice, or deceit,
His blood rose high, his hand wax'd great—
Not his the body that cou'd bear,
Unshaken, danger, pain or care;
But when that spark began to flame,
He greater than himself became;
And thus it was, that generous part,
Now drove the blood up to his heart;

He Bernard seiz'd with all his main,
Held fast his skirt and rais'd his cane ;
" Shou'd every imp rise from below,
To drag thee hence, I'll not let go—"
Awake there, ho ! bring pail and mop,
And scour the spoiler of your shop."

XXI.

A moment fix'd as by a charm,
Stood Bernard—great was his alarm,
That one so gentle, young and tame,
At bully Roughhead should take aim—
But when he found his coat was held,
The fiend with indignation swell'd,
To snatch the cane from William's hand,
To leave him sprawling on the sand,
Could soon be done—another stroke
His noddle with the cane had broke ;
But at the moment it arose,
To break his head—his limbs—his nose ;
A muffled form, till then unseen,
Presents another cane between,
Hinders the well intended blow,
And keeps poor William from the foe ;
Not then uplifted was his stick,
But with the pointed toe to kick,

He told the combatants to stop,
And ordered Bernard from the shop.
“Go and repent,” he said—“employ
Thy time well; add not *Read to Foy*.”

XXII.

Wild, and bewilder'd, and all scared,
As on a *Fetch* now Bernard stared;
'Twas Dicky's manner bold and stout,
His squinting eye—his Roman snout;
His high commanding tone—his frown—
His fist that's ready to knock down;
His jolly form, round-built and thick—
His sandy hair—'twas Mr. Dick!
Tho' Bernard's superstition fed
A thousand thoughts and all of dread;
For faith it seem'd too great a stretch,
The form he saw as Dicky's *Fetch*—
But more he fear'd it, if indeed,
His Captain, from his fetters freed.
What *Fetch* can Tipperary send,
More frightful than an injured friend?
Then, too, the customary *slang*
Us'd by the leader of the gang,
When Roughhead under his command,
Had forced the traveller to stand,—

Struck him—and with dejected look,
Backwards a step or too he took;
Oft frown'd and oft on Dicky gazed,
And red as heated poker blazed;
But when of feet he heard the tread,
Ran up the cellar steps and fled—
Short also was the other's stay,
Retiring thro' a backward way;
But first young William caution'd he,
“ Tell thou to none that Dick is free.”

XXIII.

Will on these words remain'd intent,
But knew not what the deuce they meant.
When nearer now the gang he heard,
And with his father they appear'd;
Of bravoës arm'd, as fierce a set
As e'er in Field-Lane cellar met.
“ My son,” he said, “ why look so queer?
Where's Bernard? Why that sparring air?
Will made ambiguous reply,
(For Dick's advice had made him shy.)
Bernard has fled—the scoundrel's speech,
Own'd that he did his Captain peach!
Ev'n now we box'd—but when your feet
He heard, he ran into the street.” —

Now Jemmy's conscious looks gave scope
To guilty fear, to guilty hope ;
The hair stood frighten'd on his head,
And his tongue falter'd as he said—

XXIV.

“ Informer ! Dick to jail was ta'en,
Because the evidence was plain ;
William, or Bernard or you rave,
Yet grant he information gave,
High words were vain—let him beware,
Or he like fate may also share.”
A ruddy youth before him stood,
Brave Jokeby's friend—of valiant mood ;
Some matters of great weight to tell,
He came that night to Clerkenwell,
And now had join'd with Jemmy's set,
An answer for his friend to get.
His stick so bulky at the head,
A fine *shellelagh*, as 'tis said,
Ne'er gave a stroke more fierce or high,
Than he at Maddox's reply—
He tapp'd his box, applied his snuff,
(His LUNDY-FOOT) and utter'd gruff.

XXV.

“ Yes—I beheld him in Pall-Mall,
And wish’d the fellow then in hell,
Just as I thought a bone to pick,
Delusive hope ! with Mr. Dick.
And shall th’ informer ’scape, who told
Of one so generous and bold ?
Escape ! while in the mud you view
The marks of his gigantic shoe ?
No ! ’ere the broom that mud shall sweep,
Base Roughhead shall good manners keep—
The signal whistle loudly ring,
Together all our comrades bring.
Meantime disperse—hide, fellows, hide,
Watch well the lane on every side ;
But if there’s one among you all,
Who’s sorry for poor Dicky’s fall,
Let him be ready at my call ?—
Else see the truly brave with shame,
And an Informer be your name !

XXVI.

Instant young TERENCE turn’d his back—
Instant the cellar rung with clack

Of twenty men of Jemmy's crew,
Who lack'd no orders what to do.
Terence his kerechief tighter drew,
His great coat round him button'd too ;
Held his shillelagh very fast,
Then Holborn gain'd—his foot-steps pass'd,
Howling, like men at Irish wakes,
“ Oh honey, oh !” and off he makes.
Scarce heard was James, he cried so low,
“ Damnation ! aye, pursue him—go.
But have a care—don't be too rude,
To one that's desperate when pursu'd—
Whoever finds him, knock him down,
Five pounds to him who splits his crown !”

XXVII.

The braves flew—their search began,
Up alley, lane and court they ran ;
Deep now in Holborn was the track
Of Terence and his eager pack ;
With them was William, tir'd to death,
And grudging Terence half his breath,
And striving to keep up—But where
Is Maddox, Dicky's friend sincere ?
He, bound by honor, truth and might,
Avenger of his brother's plight—

Sitting upon a dirty stone,
With drooping head and heavy moan,
And rattling teeth and madd'ning brains,
In heavy sorrow he remains !
His downcast eye is on the ground,
His ear is prick'd to every sound ;
For in each cry that fills the place,
May howl detection and disgrace.

XXVIII.

What 'vail'd it him that brightly shone
The morning sun upon the stone ?
All seems in dancing mood to play,
Like objects in a foggy day,
Appearing to the mortal eyes,
Imperfectly to fall and rise—
What 'vail'd it, that the plate and gain,
Which had been lock'd up in Field-Lane,
The prey of many a dang'rous hour,
Long envied, now were in his pow'r ?
The filthiest dungeon, at this time,
E'er man confined for any crime,
Had been his choice, could such a state,
Have rescued Dicky from his fate ;
Forc'd, too, with patience to submit
To all the jokes of fun and wit ;

Crack'd by the wags who walk the street,
And laugh at every thing they meet.
He dare not from his posture rise,
Nor raise to mighty heav'n his eyes;
Or call on Hell, since he had lost,
That honor thieves should always boast.

XXIX.

At length the tedious time o'er past,
Back came the straggling crew at last;
Breathless and panting—limping on,
Returned the bullies, one by one.
William came also to declare,
That Bernard cou'd be found no where;
Tho' Terence still, with desperate cane,
Pursued the hopeless quest in vain.
O terrible is mortals' way!
What tyrant passions passions sway!
From Maddox' brow remorse is fled,
And avarice triumphs in its stead;
The threats of terror being hid,
Thus to reply their slave they bid—

XXX.

“ Pish—let him rove the city round,
And if that mother's son be found,

A fig care I which gets the blows,
If Terence's or Roughhead's nose.
Hush—not a word, thou simple lad,
Thy Kitty, all so coy and sad
To thee, is very free indeed
To that bold youth of Irish breed;
She will thy tender ditties hear,
And give a cup of tea with cheer;
Not taking too your lips amiss,
She'll frankly give—a loving kiss;
His she avoids, or, when she must,
She kisses him with false disgust,
While tell-tale eyes at once declare,
His lips are sweetest to the fair.
Whene'er he sings she's ravish'd quite,
And her heart dances with delight.
Yet, never using language free,
She speaks but with civility.
These are strong proofs—yet wherefore cry,
And, like a lady, spoil the eye?
Thine shall she be, if thou'lt give heed,
To one who is thy friend indeed.

XXXI.

Scarce wert thou gone to range about,
When genuine tidings I found out;

Brave MUGGINS brought a gl'rious prize,
The booty in my keeping lies ;
Three Constables are on the watch,
Tatters and that bold rogue to catch :
Robbers and thieves, so proud of late,
On me must for concealment wait ;
Of these, whom now the runners dog,
Is Jokeby, gentleman *incog*.
Deliver'd up he soon shall be,
Unless his maid be given to thee.
Go, court her now, with harmless chat,
While her poor heart beats pit-a-pat.
This is the time to win your dear,
By whispering nonsense in her ear ;
Love, tenderness and courtesy,
Will certainly triumphant be ;
And the bold swain who sues the Miss,
May, if he pleases, toy and kiss.

END OF CANTO SECOND.

CANTO III.

I.

The ravenous tribes of earth and air,
Will their own brethren always spare;
Nature, who's partial to her race,
Has taught them not to be so base.
The sparrow, hopping all around,
Watches the maggot on the ground;
The mastiff worries the poor cat,
The ferret presses on the rat;
The linnet catches at the fly,
The spider comes upon it sly;
Ev'n grunting pig and kitten gay,
Will not on their own species prey—
Man only against nature fights,
As he in hurting man delights;

To every kind of mischief prone,
Nose-breaking, cuffs and knocking down—
Since Cain, the first man's eldest son,
This cruel enmity begun.

II.

The mastiff, picking up a bone,
Who hears the butcher throw a stone ;
And knows in market there's a score,
Ready to throw a dozen more.
He, when by sly and nimble ways,
To baffle all their strokes essays ;
Now lurking in an alley near,
Begins to gnaw the bone with fear.
Now taking up his spoil again,
Runs off to a more secret lane ;
He, skill'd in all those tricks indeed,
Knows not, nor practises such speed,
As Roughhead, when for an attack,
His enemies were at his back ;
At Drury-Lane those nimble ways,
He studied in his early days,
When Bluebeard and Pizarro brought,
Such sums of money as 'twas thought,
Affording pickpockets the means
Of robbing gentry in their teens.

And much his roguish life had proved,
Those tricks which as a lad he loved.

III.

Oft had he shown, in park and street,
Each requisite of a retreat :
The wand'ring eye, the list'ning ear,
The sudden thought when danger's near,
The speed, in taking to the heels,
That beat even a mail coach's wheels ;
The hardy limb, the ready art,
To run, to stop, to hide, to start ;
The nimble leg, inured to tread
The roughest stone in time of dread ;
Nor less inclin'd to pace the ground,
When cries of " Stop—stop thief," abound.
These arts he prov'd, so loth to lose
Existence by Jack Ketch's noose.
At Covent Garden, at Vauxhall,
Or where there is a rout or ball,
When oft the constables, in vain,
Pursued the advocates for gain,
Those arts, oft practis'd in the lurch,
Must save him now by Giles's church.

IV.

'Twas then, in hour of threat'ning ill,
He prov'd his valour, haste and skill ;
Now slow he walk'd along with heed,
Now helter-skelter ran with speed,
Oft turning to the left and right,
To keep out of pursuers' sight ;
Now climb'd the rails ascending high,
To see if any one were nigh.
Now sought the Seven-Dials next,
By which his foes might be perplext ;
But when he Monmouth-Street attains,
There trample feet and flourish canes.
When up Broadway again he ran,
He heard the footsteps of a man
Running with all his might and main,
As if he meant to use his cane.
'Twas then—like bull that's savage made,
By butchers, boys, and dogs way-laid ;
Counter'd, which ever way he stirs,
By noisy brats and barking curs,
Who meditates, thus driven mad,
To toss the butcher, dog and lad.
'Twas then that Bernard's choler burst,
Prompting to face the very worst,

But as that humble bull, when cut,
And to a little torture put,
Walks on without intent to butt,
Bernard forbears to show his face,
And couches in a dirty place,
Stooping his head lest passers by
Might his uncommon figure spy.

V.

Then Bernard might the tricks survey
Of the bold youth who led the way;
Who stopp'd to listen to each shout,
Climb'd every post to look about,
Then rushing on with lifted cane,
Explor'd each dirty court and lane—
'Twas Terence—by the wicked look,
'Twas Terence—by the stick he shook;
While oaths in Irish accents flow,
Mein, phiz, and form, young Terence show.
A form more nimble, strait and stout,
Never walk'd Westminster about;
The bashful but the noble mein,
Might grace indeed a tragic queen.
Handsomere face you'd find than his,
For sun and wind spoil'd Terence' phiz;

Nor did it boast, from dirt when free,
The appearance of gentility ;
Whether the *hoax* and cunning lie,
Gave spirits to his wicked eye ;
Or wrinkled brow and look so keen,
Or redden'd cheek spoke Irish spleen,
Or dull and mournful looks declare
The bottle low and pocket bare ;
Or in that bother'd state of mind,
When feelings contrary are join'd ;
When joy to melancholy clings,
And fear begins to clip hope's wings ;
When doubts blithe extacy subdue,
And anger gives a kick or two.
In that strange state which charms the miss,
Tho' she denies the wish'd for kiss ;
To every change his looks inclin'd,
As weather-cock denotes the wind.

VI.

Well Roughhead Terence knew indeed,
And wonder'd he the lads should lead
To duck him for poor Dicky's fate,
Who had himself this Dicky's hate,
For never felt his breast that share
Of kindness the good-natur'd bear ;

Much less that honor among foes,
Which one rogue to another owes.
But there's no time to think or sigh,
Terence is come, no matter why ;
And twice that Terence popp'd his nose,
Where Roughhead quak'd for fear of blows.
The very struggle now to breathe,
Made his feet totter underneath,
And desperate twice he meant to rise,
And plunge his fist in t'other's eyes.
But Terence went a different road,
And now his breath much freer flow'd,
And Roughead held it wise, his place
To keep and not to shew his face.
Thus, secret in his hole, the mouse,
When greedy cats frequent the house,
Watches with eagerness and fear,
Prepared, if wicked paw come near,
To run into the hole more deep,
And at a proper distance keep ;
But if th' intruders go away,
He then comes out, as well he may,
Nibbles the cheese without control,
And seeks perhaps another hole.

VII.

But Bernard when he raised his head,
And cock'd his ears to what was said,
And Terence' dreadful menace caught,
Oft to himself thus sternly thought,
" Terence O'Rourke—wert thou and I,
At a fair box our strength to try,
With no shillelagh in thy hand,
For such a stick none can withstand ;
That tongue of thine which speaks that threat,
Shou'd ne'er the saucy words repeat ;
No ! nor e'er sing a pretty air,
Again in private to a fair."
Forgotten, died away at last,
The dreadful menaces which past.
Alone he treads St. Giles's ground,
Nor hears he now a harsher sound
Than the loud striking of the clock,
Or now and then a lodger's knock ;
And in the street so dull and lone,
The lamps expiring scarcely shone.

VIII.

He listen'd long with secret dread,
Ear bent to hear and foot to tread—

And, while attention's on the watch,
Refused his weary limbs to stretch.
'Twas silence all—he took a seat,
Where steps he found in Denmark-Street ;
And here he stretch'd himself alone,
And made his pillow of a stone.
Now, tired to death, he careless eyed
The lofty Church upon his side,
Which with Apollo seem'd to rise,
Approximating e'en the skies.
As dwarf is with a giant deem'd,
Its neighbours lilliputians seem'd,
Making in form, its steeple hid,
A kind of Indian Pyramid—
Then, sick of gazing on that place,
He turn'd away his languid face,
To where Soho adorns the scene,
Tho' narrow alleys intervene :
One, leading sinners to High Mass,
Where Catholics for ever pass ;
And further on is Dudley-Court,
Where lads and lasses have some sport ;
Where stands a *New Jerusalem*,
Which to its neighbours is a gem ;
So bad the houses, 'tis allow'd,
That *New Jerusalem* looks PROUD ;

But those attending on its call,
Must turn their backs upon St. Paul.
Such was the scene's variety,
That feasted Bernard's gazing eye.

IX.

In sullen mood he sat alone,
Revolving, on the dirty stone,
The wicked deed, the naughty trick,
By which he *dickied* his friend Dick.
A trick, it seem'd, so bad and stale,
As brought his *fetch* to him from gaol;
Then pondering on the drubbing meant
By Maddox who had Terence sent,
With wicked purpose to detain,
So seem'd it, Mr. Dicky's gain.
Immediate kicking he design'd
For Terence, saucy and unkind;
A kick for William—for his dad
A dozen kicks, by all that's bad!
If, in that state (as stories go,
And well believed that time of woe,)
Old Nick has any kind of sway,
To profit by an evil day.
Here sood a scoundrel, ready quite,
To risk salvation for his spite!

But tho' his ardent wishes, which
Now rose to an uncommon pitch,
Were all for vengeance dark and fell,
As well might find their way to hell ;
No mist was plac'd before his eyes,
No knockings fill'd him with surprise ;
The devil knew his man too well,
And work'd not by a needless spell.

X.

Oft on his meditation broke,
The form of Dick—was it a joke ?
Or had he seen, by fancy's aid,
That very Dick whom he betray'd ?
Or had that man, a jail his home,
In propria persona come ?
Resolv'd to find the secret out,
His eyes, that wander'd now about,
Counter'd at once a sudden form,
Like something driv'n by wind or storm,
At once to go to cuffs he rose,
But no one saw to take his blows.
He heard the breezes' murmuring sound,
He heard the tiles fall on the ground ;
The watchman, hanging down his head,
Was snoring loud as if in bed—

He stared, like a fond doating swain,
And squatted on the stone again ;
'Twas but, he thought, an empty shade,
Which thus was suddenly display'd—
Then plung'd again into a heap
Of thoughts preposterous and deep ;
Until a voice began to greet—
“ Bernard, well met in Denmark-Street.”

XI.

Quickly his fist took up a stone,
As quickly on the ground 'twas thrown ;
Yet dubious still, he sily glanc'd,
At him who from St. Giles advanc'd.
“ TOM SPRIGGINS!—Is it thou ?” he cried,
“ Do we two meet on Broad-Street side ?
But stop—speak what thou dost intend,
Whether thou comest as foe or friend ?
They say that Spriggins was, I know,
By Jokeby turn'd out with a blow.”
“ A blow I owe that hot O'Rourke,
Who told his captain, when at work,
That I got secret booty still,
In Holloway and Pentonville.
I care not. In a gang to stay,
Where but the captain has his way,

Suits ill my mood ; and better sport
Awaits us both, if thou'rt, in short,
Bold Roughhead, the same wicked sort,
By whose assistance once I stole,
A watch from Hockley-in-the-hole.
What say'st thou?" " Speak in language clear,
To riddles I ne'er lend an ear."

XII.

" Then hear—not far a party hide,
Of valiant dogs, already tried,
Pick'd from both gangs—men, who despise
To cant and to deceive with lies ;
And gentlemen, who, just like me,
Spurn at the ways of flattery.
Wiser we judge, by means and ways,
A booty of our own to raise,
Than counter danger here and there,
For nothing—a mere paltry share.
Our schemes are laid—we're all agreed,
As yet a Captain tho' we need—
Thou art a vagrant, it is said,
Pursued for having Dick betray'd—
A ducking meant—so our friends say,
Who have been passing thro' that way—

Join then with us ; altho' as yet,
We are a very wrangling set,
Each, loth by any to be led,
We'll make a man like thee our head."

XIII.

" Even now," thought Bernard, " in the dumps,
I call'd on Nick, and up Nick jumps !
What want I, vengeance to pursue,
But such a set of robbers true ?
This Spriggins, practised in all evil,
Might be school-master to the devil.
So, 'tis enough ! each rogue and elf,
I'll make a servant to myself."
Raising his voice, " I thank you, Tom,
But tell me where do you come from ?"
" Not many yards," Tom Spriggins cried,
" Cross with me to the other side,
We'll in five minutes reach the door :"
" Do thou," said Bernard, " go before."—
Then mutter'd—" I'll be very sly,
Tom Spriggins' word is all my eye."—
He follow'd him round Buckridge-Street,
With very sore and weary feet ;
Into a dirty place they popp'd,
And then before a building stopp'd.

XIV.

Now Bernard pannic-struck appear'd,
When underneath he voices heard ;
But when Tom rais'd a secret board,
His spirits were somewhat restor'd ;
He saw, appearing to the eye,
A little entrance snug and sly,
Like opening vault of church-yard lone,
Containing many a human bone.
There ventured Spriggins, Bernard there,
And loud and louder in the air,
As if it came thro' a trap-door,
Resounded now the merry roar.
Of old, the cellar, neat and clean,
With white-wash made a splendid scene ;
Caricatures and pictures rare,
Even now were scattered here and there ;
Where, in the memory of the old,
Muffins and crumpets had been sold.
But plunder spoil'd the muffin trade,
And the poor cellar now was made
A refuge place, the rendezvous
Of Spriggins and his wicked crew.
There vice had studied to ransack ;
There from the table, in a crack,

Intemperance took the bottle up,
Tho' empty, trying for a sup—
Remorse was there, in doleful dumps;
With vain repining on his trumps ;
Among the guests too also came,
Sorrow and undissembled shame ;
And Blasphemy, stark staring mad,
Swearing by all that's good and bad—
While Bernard prov'd among the crew,
The master-savage Shakespeare drew.

XV.

Hark ! how the table now they beat,
The leader of the gang to greet ;
Behold the group there entertain'd,
While all the knives and forks are chain'd.
By what strange features vice is prone
To let her votaries be known ;
But some there are whose looks withstand
A deep impression of her brand.
See yon dull urchin ! when a boy,
His mammy's pet, his daddy's joy ;
While with his twirling thumbs he plays,
An image strikes of early days ;
The dwelling, once his dad's, he views,
At no great distance from the Mews,

He sees the lads and lasses sport,
And shares the fun of Orange-Court.
A tear is starting—but the clack
Of some rude tongue a joke to crack,
Made all with a horse-laugh fall back.
On him they call, the aptest swain
For merry tale and jovial strain;
Fast flies his dream—without dismay,
As one who drives despair away,
He bids the gin be push'd about,
'Till grief and reason were kick'd out,
And soon with merry burthen he,
The soul of all their jollity,
Roars his loud song—The muse, sometimes,
Can find in a low cellar rhymes,
Mix'd with coarse words, no matter what,
Both ungrammatical and flat—
With boisterous eagerness he sung,
The cellar to the burthen rung;
A pang or two tho' Conscience sent,
To mingle with his merriment.

XVI.

SONG.

Oh Giles's lads are brave and gay,
The pride of Dyott-Street ;
And though in dwellings low they stay,
Yet snug is their retreat.
And as I walk'd thro' Russel-Square,
To see what I could see,
A fair one from a window there,
Was singing merrily.

CHORUS.

" Oh Giles's lads are brave and gay,
The pride of Dyott-Street ;
I'd rather with my Cymon stray,
Than live in country seat."

If, fair, thou wou'dst for me agree,
To leave this house and place,
Thou first must guess what boys are we,
Who sweet St. Giles's grace.
And if thou can'st this riddle tell,
As tell you may with ease,
Then shalt thou enter soon our cell,
As merry as you please,

CHORUS.

Yet sung she "Giles's lads are gay,
The pride of Dyott-Street;
I'd rather with my Cymon stray,
Than live in country seat."

XVII.

"I guess you by your awkward feet,
And by your stoop to boot;
I guess you for a taylor meet,
To make a marriage *suit*."
"A taylor, madam, bends his knees,
And not for sake of prayer;
His legs are always fix'd at ease,
And mine are here and there."

CHORUS.

Yet sung she, "Giles's lads are gay,
The pride of Dyott-Street;
I wish I cou'd with Cymon stray,
And see his snug retreat."

"By the fine compliments I've met,
And by your gallant airs,
I guess you for a 'Squire's valet,
Who for him lies and swears."

“ No servant I to any Squire,
And yet a place have I,
And when that trials hard require,
I can both swear and lie.”

CHORUS.

And Oh tho' Giles's lads are gay,
The pride of Dyott-Street,
Yet never lass with me shall stray,
To see our snug retreat.

XVIII.

“ Lady, a shameful life I lead,
A shameful death I'll die ;
The man who labours hard for bread,
Were better spouse than I.
And when I meet my comrades rare,
In places distant far ;
We all forget what once we were,
Nor think on what we are.

CHORUS.

Yet Giles's lads are bold and gay,
The pride of Dyott-Street ;
And ever true and merry they,
Within their snug retreat.”

When Cymon ceased his foolish air,
All silent every one was there,
'Till one more rude arous'd the throng,
By roaring out a bawdy song;
But, in a corner, cheek by jowl,
Spriggins and Bernard, many a soul,
For speedy execution, meant,
While Bernard's mind was still intent
On seizing Dicky's spoils 'ere long,
Tho' much he feared his wicked tongue,
When his design it should explain,
Wou'd conjure up the *Fetch* again.

XIX.

At length he told his tale of fear,
His comrade grinn'd from ear to ear,
For, train'd in vice of ev'ry sort,
He of a parson wou'd make sport.
Then think with what derision he
Held stories of a nursery.
The dread of Bernard's fist scarce broke
The thread of his untimely joke.
'Twere hard," he said, " for any one,
The subject of your fear to con;
Nor do I know the art so well,
Appearances and signs to tell;

Yet cou'd I credit what you say,
That a man's spirit thus could stray,
As miser walks his building o'er,
Bidding the thief not touch his store;
This doubt remains—thy stupid *Fetch*
Cou'd but have walk'd his limbs to stretch;
For wherefore about Field-Lane strole,
When now in Hockley-in-the-hole
Is lodg'd all that he got of worth,
By picking pockets and so forth?"

XX.

At this he stopp'd—for anger's frown,
Made Roughhead hang his noddle down;
He frown'd to think that he shou'd puff
Of what appear'd such idle stuff,
So cough'd and took a pinch of snuff.
"Spriggins," cried he, "tho' now in jail,
Do not against the valiant rail;
For, while at large, at Dicky's look,
Thy marrow-bones, Tom Spriggins, shook!
And when he swore he'd break thy bones,
For making free with Sally Jones,
I saw thee like a terrier crouch,
Whose back hath felt the lash's touch;

Nor dare to call his hard-earn'd wealth,
The fruit of pilfering and stealth ;
'Twas won by pistol in his hand,
When coaches stopp'd at his command :
Mark too—I put up with no sneer,
Nor couple Bernard's name with fear ;
But half-after old Nick I take,
For I believe, but never quake—
Enough of this—say, why this hoard,
At Hockley-in-the-hole is stor'd ;
Or why thou think'st that Dicky gave
His booty to so great a knave ?”

XXI.

Soon Spriggins ceas'd his jokes to crack ;
He'd rather that the walls all black,
Brought fifty *fetches* on his back,
Than venture any more to rouse,
The deadly frowns of Roughhead's brows.
Submiss he answer'd—“ Dicky's mind
Thou know'st was never very kind—
When young, 'tis said, he us'd to be
With all his play-fellows quite free,
But when return'd from Battersea,
A selfish and a sullen cast,
Hath made him dev'lish rude at last.

Hence he refus'd, whenever prest,
 To take pot-luck as Jokeby's guest;
 And our brave Captain, at mid-day,
 Who lov'd about the park to stray;
 Nor less, when darkness reign'd profound,
 To see the bumper-toast go round,
 Took it to heart a friend so near,
 Refused to share his cheese and beer;
 Thus did the leaders spit their spite,
 Till they forgot each other quite:
 Yet trust me, friend, the lovely Kate
 Is destin'd heir of Dick's estate."

XXII.

Destin'd to her!—to that proud jade!
 At my life's hazard, I, my aid
 To poison horses, lately gave,
 That I might all his wagers save!—
 Spriggins, I knew him well, yet ne'er
 Knew him a man of wit and cheer,
 Whom youthful friends and early sport,
 Denominated *that's your sort*.
 A stupid dog, he sought our crew,
 Sullen and mute, whom no one knew,
 And rose, as men with us must rise,
 By scorning *Ketch*, and all his *ties*.

He car'd not whom he stopp'd to rob,
Most *headstrong*, when he'd a *crack'd nob* ;
On his sad brow nor grin nor love,
Cou'd e'er one wrinkled knot remove ;
Dev'lish unlucky was a grin,
For 'twas with hopes to take you in ;
But a horse laugh, each luckless friend
Might deem an omen of his end.
Instant he join'd in every broil,
Then laid his fingers on their spoil :
Nay, often strove to keep the whole,
And make a fool of every soul.
Talking, ev'n then, to such as we,
Proud of each daring robbery,
Of vice and prodigality!

XXIII.

“ I priz'd him much—his roguish ways,
His sullen humour, won my praise ;
And after each nefarious game,
’Twas I that wrangled for his claim,
Agreed he should the booty bear,
Which all the others wish'd to share ;
In field and road thrice sav'd his *sconce*,
And 'mid our parties' quarrel once.

Yes, I have prized thee ! well adviz'd,
Hath prov'd my counsel how I priz'd !
Yet dev'l may care now for thy fate,
Ingrate at large, in jail ingrate.
Come, if thou cans't !" he squinted round,
And threw his hat upon the ground ;
Come, with thy foot which ne'er was slack,
Even as this morn it kick'd my back,
And tell me, if thou dar'st, I *crack* !"
He stopp'd—then passion being done,
Told Spriggins he might now go on.

XXIV.

" Bernard, I need not let thee know,
What thou hast heard sometime ago,
How Dick of a dejected mind,
To the *Blue Devils* was inclin'd ;
But since he bade thee go to hell,
A maid, not far from Clerkenwell,
Whose voice, like Catalina's lips,
Charm'd the poor fellow from his hips.
I know not if, in face, she proved,
A likeness of the wife he loved,
But he wou'd gaze upon her skin,
'Till his frown chang'd into a grin.

He, unto whom no soul, in play,
A penny for your thoughts, durst say.
Now every thought, and every care,
Confided to his niece so fair.
Her love stuck to him during life,
In spite of all domestic strife,
And, by his orders, some brave men,
Carried three chests, well corded then,
From Dick's abode, at midnight deep,
At Hockley-in-the-hole to keep,
Laden with many a precious thing
His gift, shou'd he 'fore Newgate swing."

XXV.

"Then Spriggins, as I smoke, has guests,
To lay their fingers on those chests?
Else wherefore stay so much at home,
Who used continually to roam,
The ring-leader of every broil,
And foremost in purloining spoil?—
Since never did a noise begin,
That Tom had not a hand therein:
Or where the box that did not sure,
Prove Spriggins was an *amateur*?"
"I'm still the same—my comrades wise,
A certain fair will soon surprise ;

At Hockley-in-the-hole she sleeps;
 Near Clerkenwell the lady keeps;
 That I have something in my eye,
 Won't Bernard tell me, by and by?
 Were Jokeby's daughter but secured,
 We'll have the chests then, be assured."

XXVI.

"That's right!—the thought is very good,
 Miss Kitty is by William woo'd,
 And blust'ring Terence too, they swear,
 Pays his addresses to the fair.
 Bernard she scorn'd—if met, good lack!
 The little hussy turn'd her back,
 Like a proud minx who turns aside,
 From any man she can't abide:
 She said one day to Mr. Dick,
 The sight of me wou'd make her sick
 I was so ugly—she may spue,
 To find my phiz is in her view!—
 Th' Old Bailey's weeded Jokeby's train,
 Few of his followers remain;
 Shou'd thy plan fail, as fail it might,
 We're strong enough to have a fight;
 Bear off the lady and each trunk,
 And leave the dwelling in a funk."

XXVII.

“ Still art thou brave in ev’ry step,
But let us look before we leap;
The people in the dwelling, true,
Are devilish quarrelsome, tho’ few;
To make a stir—to give a knock—
The iron-bar—the patent lock”——
“ Psha! if we stumble o’er a straw,
What booty shall we ever draw?
Our greatest danger in this job,
Can only be a broken nob;
And the reward for being brave,
Will be the earnings of a knave.”
“ A while attend to reason, pray,
When there’s before you a safe way,
Thou wou’dst not chuse—a drunkard’s mode,
Or Bedlamite’s—a boggy road.
List then—for safety or remark,
I know each lane and passage dark;
With all ’bout Hockley-in-the-hole,
I am acquainted, ’pon my soul:
And there’s an avenue, I wot,
That leads unto a secret spot;
Now, cou’d a few of us but find
A way into the house behind,

We'd make their coward hearts to throb,
And gain the prize—so help me Bob !”

XXVIII.

“ Now talk'st thou well—'tis all alike,
If I by force or cunning strike ;
Like fox my subtle tricks I'll play,
Or like a tyger seize my prey.
But hush ?—I see our merry throng,
Are going to have another song.”——

SONG.

“ A pretty face is thine, sweet lass,
A pretty face is thine ;
Thy cheeks the rose's hue surpass,
Thy skin is soft and fine !
A crabbed look, an awkward air,
Uncooth, but very free ;
A lover of each noisy Fair—
No more you know of me,
My dear !
No more you know of me.

“ This morn is blithesome May, I trow,
The Chimney-Sweepers' reign—
Whose faces shall be white as snow,
'Ere we two meet again.”

As thus he spake he turn'd his back,
Without a kind embrace ;
And making both his fingers crack,
Said, " That for your pretty face
My dear !
And that for your pretty face."

XXIX.

" What lad is that who's sitting there,
The best for roaring out an air ?
In his soft voice upon my word
There's something pleasant tho' absurd."
" Cymon of Chelsea he is called :
In childhood he was much extolled—
He promise then of valour gave,
But now he is not near so brave.
I watch him close—his ready tear
Is indication oft of fear.
Some dying-speech no doubt he's read,
Which makes the fellow hang his head.
Yet he is useful—of our set,
By fits the may-game and the pet ;
His fiddle, story, and his air,
Oft serve to drive away dull care ;
When unemploy'd our merry crew,
Don't care a farthing what they do—

He's clearing now his voice—'ere long
We may expect a blither song.

XXX.

SONG.

Phelim O'Neale.

Phelim O'Neale makes an end when beginning ;
Phelim O'Neale has threads without spinning ;
Phelim O'Neale always bad *soles* is mending,
Yet Phelim O'Neale to preach ne'er is pretending.
Come, guess at my riddle—come list to my tale,
And tell me the trade of brave Phelim O'Neale.

The master who has a fine shop at command,
Appears in his own eyes prodigiously grand—
The goods make a show and the gentlefolks stare,
The windows are large and there's plenty of air ;
Yet the air of the street and the blast of the gale,
Is less free to John Hobson than Phelim O'Neale.

Phelim O'Neale was never so great,
Tho' his awl be as sharp and his work too as neat.
Phelim O'Neale was no master at all,
Tho' plenty of customers came to his stall ;
And many the neighbours who begg'd a good deal,
To have their soles mended by Phelim O'Neale.

Phelim O'Neale lack d a wife for a prop,
 The mother she ask'd if he had any shop?
 "Tho' wide is Whitechapel, the houses not small,
 Mystall," cried bold Phelim, "is snug and that's all.
 The roof is a shelter 'gainst snow, rain and hail,
 While my elbows are going," said Phelim O'Neale.

The father was steel and the mother was brass;
 She swore thro' her threshold he never should pass,
 But loud on the morrow, the hue and the cry,
 For he got the damsel all cunning and sly,
 And four lovely boys at one birth was the tale,
Matthew, Mark, Luke & John for Phelim O'Neale.

XXXI.

"If sad or merry, thou seest plain,
 Love mingles ever in his strain;
 But when he takes a parting draught,
 The fellow has both wit and craft.
 O! he's an oddity—can be,
 Both dull and lively as you see."
 "Nay, then, thy project, Tom, to aid——
 Ha! who comes here?" "My trusty blade."
 "Speak, Peter, hast been looking out?"—
 "I have—Pall-Mall and all about—
 I watch'd each house as I walk'd slow
 From James's-Street up to Soho.—

But Jemmy Maddox caught my eye;
And then young Terence passing by,
Shot down to overtake his friend,
Much, as it seemed, did they intend.
But there is time enough to roam,
Before these fellows can get home."
Bernard, in accents, quick and low,
Did then his will to Spriggins show,
Who, turning to the ruffian set,
Bade four the bravest pistols get.

END OF CANTO THIRD.

CANTO IV.

I.

When morning's cock began his round,
Majestic strutting on the ground—
Till, crowing loud, his matin notes,
Bade all the lads put on their coats;
And all the lasses to arouse,
And get the pails to milk the cows,
Which in wild tumult scamper on,
From Kentish-Town or Islington.
By country boors, for ever rude,
Now either driven or pursued,
Till they assemble at the spot,
Where pails in readiness are got.
But some, who while their duggs are prest,
Are never quiet or at rest.

Perhaps the girl has press'd too hard,
A kick is therefore her reward,
And oft it happens in her fall,
Down tumble pail, the milk and all.
Others however are more tame,
And of good beasts receive the name.

II.

But Doctor J——r err'd, I ween,
When he imagined he could screen
The human race, both young and old,
From the small pox's dreadful hold,
Transferring, by a novel plan,
Animal humours into man.
O better were those tricks confin'd,
To Doctors of the *quacking* kind.
Some at the strange discov'ry laugh,
And call each cow-doctor a *calf*.
Others, of Irish manners full,
Swear each cow-doctor makes a *bull*.
But grant 'tis true—we must allow,
There's wondrous virtue in a cow.
We must ascribe it all to Jove,
The time of his illicit love ;
When Juno's anger he so fear'd,
That Iö as a cow appear'd.

But grey Philosophy ne'er fails,
To shake his head at idle tales ;
While Childhood, apprehending harm,
Shrieks and withdraws its lit tle arm.

III.

" Here squat we down," exclaim'd Miss Kate,
And saying this she took a seat ;
" Chance met, we'll talk of this and that,
And pass an hour in harmless chat.
Thou, William, ever meet and true,
Must tell me what I ought to do ;
And, Terence, thou must not be rude,
Nor on my modesty intrude,
For there's a charge left to my care,
Not very safe with me I swear.
A kind of orphan and alone,
As dad to hide himself is gone."
For William, who was made a pet,
She quickly rose a chair to get,
Then stopp'd and fiddled with her gown,
Nor bade poor Terence to sit down.
He saw the coyness of the fair,
And help'd himself unto a chair ;
Which careless by her side he plac'd,
And then his arm clapp'd round her waist.

IV.

The handkerchief in which she dress'd,
Half cover'd Kitty's lovely breast—
Half hid and half expos'd to sight,
A bosom beautifully white.
The rouge, laid on so faint and thin,
Now scarcely ting'd the maiden's skin;
That you had said she painted not,
Yet when she fac'd a fire was hot,
Or sung, or drank, or chanc'd to hear
The praise of any she lov'd dear;
Or, in a passion, or a storm,
When rage had ruffled all her form;
The mounting blood, then dancing wild,
Rivall'd the carrot which is boil'd;
There was a bold and steady air,
A dignity about the fair,
That of the noble sort partook,
A frown of scorn, a saucy look;
Her countenance for ever told
A mind resolv'd, undaunted, bold—
'Tis that in Salmon's wax-works seen,
To represent the tragic queen.

V.

In hours of fun, that gloom gave way,
To fancy ever light and gay,
And when abroad, to harmless mirth
The joke, or song, or dance gave birth.
Her doating dad would often crack,
His Kate was loveliest of the pack.
But days of plunder and such crimes,
Did not allow these merry times ;
And the *ennui* which seiz'd the fair,
Had now become downright despair ;
In Clerkenwell her father lurk'd,
Poor Dick was knab'd, her friends hard work'd,
While every ill she call'd to mind,
From Jemmy, wickedly inclin'd,
And thought that on a future day,
She should be sent to Botany Bay—
All tended to dejection's mood,
And left her in the dumps for good.

VI.

Who has not heard—when Erin got
To high words by Rebellion hot—
Who has not heard of brave O'Rourke,
Who like a devil went to work,

And had at Stony-batter stor'd
Of pikes and weapons a large hoard,
Tho' consternation and great awe,
Had been produc'd by martial law?
But the ring-leaders soon were caught,
And to the gallows quickly brought,
And those who had of late harangued,
Were tuck'd up by the neck and hang'd.
'Twas then on taking first the road,
Jokeby and Dick their courage show'd;
And they'd have swung among the rest,
But honor dwelt in a rogue's breast;
A friend, who their condition knew,
And kindly told them what to do.
To metamorphose them he tried,
By paint and various means beside,
And lodged them safe in Redmond-Hill,
Where they of whiskey had their fill;
All snug, they laugh'd, they drank, they sung,
And practis'd too the vulgar tongue;
And, when a fitting time was come,
He paid their passage for them home;
Gave them some money too to spend,
Which proves a rogue can be a friend.

VII.

Days pass'd away. From Jokeby's pate
The hair was dropping at great rate ;
Tho' bald, he still for sport was ripe,
When by his fire-side with a pipe.
Now Dick did not with him remain,
But went to settle in Field-Lane.
It happen'd on a dreary night,
When Clerkenwell was far from bright,
The gin went round—a merry set
At Hockley-in-the-hole had met ;
And seated on an easy chair,
The master puff'd away dull care.
'Twas past eleven, if not more,
When a loud knock came at the door ;
A cry, alarming every soul,
Was heard just like an Irish howl.
The girl a stranger now announc'd,
And quick into the room there bounc'd
A man, whose figure and attire,
Startled the cronies by the fire.

VIII.

His hair in a disorder'd state,
Hung wildly from his half-starv'd pate ;

On leg and thigh were wads of straw;
His air denoted the Bashaw.
A cravat, which with dirt was dyed,
About his neck was careless tied;
The thread-bare coat too, which he wore,
Was in the arms and elbows tore.
He had a burthen on his back,
And which he carried like a sack.
He blew his nose upon the ground,
And like a bedlamite look'd round;
Then up the room, with swaggering strut,
He hastened on the hearth to put,
Half lifeless in his little arms,
His gift, a boy of lovely charms.
To Jokeby, he took off his hat,
Then stood erect to have some chat;
To give him senatorial pow'r,
He *hemm'd* and *haw'd* for half an hour.
"Bill, nick-named Jokeby by your friends,
Paddy O'Rourke his blessing sends;
He to thy tender care thinks fit,
This grandson, Terence, to commit.
He bids thee rear him as thy own,
For Paddy's sweet delights are flown;
All the *Spalpeens* have made so free,
Not a potatoe now has he!

And all the joys of Redmond Hill,
Are gone like water thro' a rill.
To make this duty to thee dear,
He bids thee think on Erin's cheer!
If any wrong the young O'Rourke,
He bids thee think on Erin's work :
To Dick he wou'd have sent this charge,
But honors thee as thou'rt at large.
Now is this piece of business done,
And Conolly away will run."—

IX.

His mind was fix'd—his hand was stretch'd,
And from his heart a sigh he fetch'd,
For 'twas as much as he could do,
To bid the pretty rogue adieu.
Vain was all grief—of sorrow full,
The little brat roar'd like a bul.
Poor Conolly curs'd all such jobs,
And kindly strove to hush his sobs ;
All anxious made he towards the door ;
He blest and blest him o'er and o'er.
And kiss'd the little hands so red,
And kiss'd and patted his poor head ;
Imploring with his native brogue,
St. Patrick to protect the rogue ;

Again with his palavering tongue,
The charge in Jokeby's ears he rung ;
When half with promises was press'd,
And half with a few nods express'd ;
“ Good bye, O'Rourke ;” the latch he got,
And he was off then like a shot.

X.

’Twas long ’ere sugar-plumb or cake,
Prevail’d upon the child to speak ;
And then he said that naughty lads
Seiz’d all the goods that was grand-dad’s,
Which had not been if Terence’ fist,
Had strength sufficient to assist ;
For he’d have giv’n them hearty *whacks*
Of his shellelagh on their backs.
’Twas from his broken phrases caught,
He by his foster-dad was brought,
Who had some letters kinsmen wrote,
And in his fob a five-pound note ;
But public houses made him stay,
Conolly chang’d it on the way,
’Till tipsy and o’erpowered at length,
And all was spent, his failing strength
Just bore him here—and the child then,
Renew’d his piteous moan again.

XI.

The tear, which Childhood's cheek runs o'er,
Is like the milk-drop on the floor;
When next Grimalkin passes by,
And laps it up, the ground is dry.
Won by their care the little boy,
Look'd up at his new friends with joy,
With rosy cheek and eye so bright,
He'd play about with great delight;
But sweetest look'd that eye and cheek,
When Jokeby's lass to him wou'd speak;
'Twas his, with elder brother's state,
To guide the tottering steps of Kate.
His *grammachree* with charming brogue,
He sung to please the little rogue,
And sheets of paper oft would seize,
To cut her out some dolls and trees.
In street, in alley, or in lane,
Still hand in hand were the sweet twain,
And good Bill Jokeby smil'd to find,
That they were sweethearts all so kind.

XII.

But summer months make the young root
From growth to bud—from bud to shoot;

And time will make a child a boy,
Man too of a *hobble-de-hoy*;
And soon in Hockley-in-the-hole,
The child becomes a gallant soul—
He loves to make a wond'rous boast,
Of vaulting over a high post;
And loves with other lads to run,
To make a sword or wooden gun;
Yet more he loves on a fine day,
About White Conduit House to stray,
To meet, like a fond love-sick swain,
His Kitty holding up her train,
And she, whose train is somewhat soil'd,
Is now herself too also spoil'd,
Affects considerable pride,
Her Terence' naughty ways to chide,
Yet listens still to hear him boast,
How he the barrow-woman tost—
How all her onions tumbled out,
And the potatoes ran about:
Then laughs to think his charming Kate,
Can be delighted with his prate.

XIII.

Now Terence knew exceeding well
An admirable tale to tell;

He knew full well to crack a joke,
And consequently smiles provoke;
And knew full well in all to prove
The tenderness of mighty love;
That while she blam'd and while she chid,
She lik'd each little thing he did.
Oft, too, when heavy show'rs of rain,
The happy pair at home detain,
Together in a corner they
Read o'er a ballad or a play;
Or by a roaring fire they'd sit,
Or sing or chat as they thought fit;
While lively chat or merry tune,
Diverted every afternoon;
Still blending from their early days
Their fun, their study and their lays.
A mutual longing they betray,
But must not think love in the way;
But tho' they dar'd not, slander base
Soon dar'd to call it a disgrace,
And when so often, cheek by jowl,
Night after night they kisses stole;
'Twas sometimes said the doating dad,
No sight or even hearing had;
Sometimes his will seem'd to declare,
That young O'Rourke shou'd wed the fair.

XIV.

But William's suit caus'd great surprise,
And open'd wide the lovers' eyes :
'Twas plain that Maddox for his lad,
Old Jokeby's favor nearly had.
Now must they meet without a word,
And look all *spoony* and absurd.
Now must Miss Kitty keep her room,
And ponder on her future doom.
And Terence, like a sheepish ass,
Must rue the absence of his lass.
But quarrels rose and Jokeby said,
No villain's son his fair shou'd wed.
And Terence, taught in infant days,
That love cou'd practise various ways,
Now the wide square or meadow sought,
To cherish there a happier thought
Of maiden stole or got away,
As in the novels of the day,
To think what Irish lads have done,
Patrick Kilkenny of Athlone,
The brave O'Whack and Larry Stone ;
And Flaherty, who vow'd a *Pat*,
Shou'd in no instance be a flat ;
And curs'd him, if of Irish breed,
Whoever falter'd in a deed ;

Or ever went without a wife,
For fear of any noise or strife.
From their success he hope invoked,
And brighten'd as the dinner smoked.

XV.

If wives were got by tongue and fist,
Terence had both his cause t'assist;
And he besides was of a race,
That might a robber's daughter grace.
Paddy O'Rourke, with Erin's stuff,
Had oft made Jokeby drunk enough:
And well did Jokeby every night,
Young Terence for the same requite.
Nor was his bumper'd glass and toast,
Upon the merry stripling lost.
Search every alley, court and yard,
Like Terence none could drink so hard:
From Smithfield go to Water-Lane,
Like Terence none could weild a cane;
And then so full of wit and glee,
And proving too so kind and free,
With ready-made civility,
There never was a youth cou'd work
Upon the heart like brave O'Rourke.

XVI.

Bill Jokeby loved him as his own,
And many to think so were prone.
Indeed till wicked tongues are stopp'd,
'Tis dangerous a child to adopt.
Now some, a good name to destroy,
• Found out a mother for the boy;
At modest virtue they took aim,
And held up innocence to shame;
And as such wretches ne'er are loth,
To take a false—a damning oath,
They swore they knew the time and spot,
Where he was merrily begot;
For what is perjury to them,
Who would a character condemn?
Terence, distinguish'd for his wits,
Was always help'd to the tit-bits.
He by his guardian was belov'd,
And grateful to his guardian prov'd.
Twice, by his shrill and manly pipe,
He sav'd him from the knabber's gripe;
And now that he from them was hid,
He all his dirty business did;
Resolv'd that Kitty's dad should prove,
In country or in town, his love.

' XVII.

When lovers meet in dismal plight,
'Tis like a rush-light in the night,
For tho' a glimmer faint is shed,
Yet all around is darkness spread.
As Terence on the table loll'd,
The past and present he recall'd :
" I never dreamt," good-nature said,
" Of this reception, darling maid !
Not thus, when from thy pretty hand,
I took the paper and th' inkstand,
And round thee, my fond arms I threw,
And had three dozen kisses too ;
Then, while she at my elbow stood,
I wrote the song she thought so good.
Where is that song now ? 'tis forgot,
Or torn perhaps, or gone to *pot*.
Where are those kisses ? 'tis in vain
To supplicate for them again.
And what avails a useless pen,
Except to scribble now and then,
My solitary hours t'amuse,
And send her father all the news."
While thus poor Terence mourn'd the past,
His rival also was downcast :

For William's spirit was above
Compulsion in affairs of love ;
But soon Miss Kitty's sprightly wit,
Rous'd them from their lethargic fit ;
And instantly dispers'd the gloom,
As dust is scatter'd by a broom.

XVIII.

" I need not, sirs, call to your mind,
How Dick his visits here declin'd ;
A man for ever mute and sad,
Yet when he saw me always glad ;
My hand he instantly wou'd seize,
And give it a fond tender squeeze.
My prattle sometimes made him smile,
And banish'd sorrow for a while ;
But, oft'ner, did I talk in vain,
To draw a smile from him again.
One dismal cause, to all unknown,
He now confess'd to me alone,
And twice I happen'd to espy
Examples of his misery,
By which at times the patient's led,
To break the structure of his head,
But he some awful warnings had,
To know the time he shou'd be mad,

And was of course upon his guard,
Never to knock his head too hard.
This malady, 'twas plain to guess,
Sprung from some latent, deep distress ;
But still conceal'd he kept his case,
'Till Newgate stared him in the face.
Then to my keeping, he thought fit,
His chests of treasure to commit,
With this strange unconnected scroll,
In which he has disclos'd the whole,
In style, so miserably bad,
As proves he was stark-staring mad.

XIX.

DICK'S HISTORY.

“ Kate, thou hast seen me bounce with fear,
As if a constable were near,
When it has chanc'd that common prate
Wak'd memory of my former state :
Believe, there's few among us all,
With pleasure can the past recal,
But I !—a blockhead when at school,
And when a man a greater fool ;
And at the close of my poor life,
I shall go off without a wife !

Even thou, Miss Kitty, wilt declare,
Thy uncle acted without care.
And must I with my pen disclose,
The hidden secrets of my woes;
I must—I will—fly, fancy, hence,
Nor take all my remaining sense;
Whilst thou present'st that angel face,
How can I write down my disgrace?
While thou remind'st me of her fate,
The fetters base—the wretched state—
How can I tell what she has been,
So good in heart—so grand in mein.

XX.

“ Yes, she was grand—Kate, thou indeed
Hast a proud look it is agreed;
But her's sprung from a lofty mind,
Which look'd with scorn on all mankind.
We stole a match—'twas Hobson's choice,
Her father wou'd not give his voice:
And when she came with Dick to town,
We kept her name and race unknown,
Until thy dad, in Ireland then,
Shou'd come to London back again,
Who wou'd, we trusted, o'er a sup,
Force the old man to make it up.

Some weeks we liv'd alone incog,
To all unknown but one dear dog—
A dog—that is sufficient quite—
The scoundrel's name I will not write !
My patience I might still forget,
And play the devil with him yet—
A dirty dog he was to me,
Devoid of generosity,
Who for my kindness every day,
Repaid me in an evil way.

XXI.

“ She smil'd on all she chanc'd to meet,
But on that dirty dog so sweet ;
She look'd, that, making very free,
The scoundrel practised treachery.
A box tho' in the ear he got,
Which made him plan a vengeful plot.
Alone we sat—and quite cut up,
Of gin I took a little sup ;
I had not seen my dear for days,
Whose absence fill'd me with amaze ;
I could not think upon the cause,
And wonder'd where the duce she was.
At last I saw the rogue begin
To smile—it was a devil's grin—

Fiercely I ask'd which way she took,
He gave me then a sheepish look,
And begg'd to rage I'd not give way,
"She'd ta'en a trip to Botany Bay."
I started at the dreadful sound,
And made enquiries, when I found
Poor Nanny had been much abus'd,
And of shop-lifting was accus'd.
For lenity there was no room,
And transportation was her doom!

XXII.

"All sad I look'd—the cursed knave,
Who the base information gave;
Now from my indignation fled,
Or he'd have had a broken head.
The reason that my wife was gone,
Was known to few—the cause to none.
Some friends framed stories of her death—
I know not what—the want of breath—
And went so far too as to say,
They knew the church-yard where she lay;
So that I still remain'd esteem'd,
A widower, by neighbours deem'd.
But miserable was my life,
For ever dreaming of my wife;

And when I wak'd to be more wild,
And ask'd the keeper for my child,
(I have forgot—I shou'd have said
In Newgate she was brought to-bed)
I then was told a fellow came,
And to the little boy laid claim ;
The nurse with lying tales beguil'd,
And took from her the infant child.
'Twas the informer—none but he
Cou'd have devis'd such treachery.
The dog I sought, with purpose dread,
To break my stick upon his head !
He 'scaped me—but my inward grief,
From walking found some faint relief,
And over many a street and road,
I bore of misery my load.

XXIII.

“ 'Twas then that fate my footsteps drew,
To join a fierce and daring crew,
With whom full oft my broken nose
I ventured 'midst such dreadful blows,
That even my bold associates said,
They never saw a fiercer blade.
But much I learn'd and much can prove
Of human grief, of human love,

But never, in my walks, found yet
A wretch, whose case my sorrows beat.
It chanc'd, that, after many broils,
On the dividing of our spoils,
The table grac'd with beer and gin,
Which had been previously brought in,
While, drinking freely of egg-hot,
My ruffian comrades typsy got,
A letter came—the style was fine,
And good the writing, Kate, like thine.
“Base man,” it said, “why thus delay,
While now your wife is far away;
While your poor child's expos'd to shame,
Without a father's care or name?”—

XXIV.

“I read—obey'd—and soon 'pick'd out,
Among my comrades the most stout,
Whom I brought with me to assist
The vengeance I so long had miss'd.
But luckily that anger slept,
Which might all bounds have overleap'd,
And as by parsons we are taught,
Evil for evil was not sought!
Let me in misery be cheer'd—
His face I've seen—his voice I've heard—

To get my only child I tried—
He laugh'd, as he the theft denied,
That calm and callous look was his,
That dev'lish grin upon his phiz,
As when he said, in mocking way,
“She's ta'en a trip to Botany-Bay.”
I did not the base scoundrel pay—
For had I a black eye have given,
To murder him I'd have been driven.”

XXV.

Here in the story having stopp'd,
A something at the window popp'd—
Up Terence jump'd—the villain Tom,
(For he it was the noise came from)
Drew back—he would not go to work,
At such a time with brave O'Rourke,
For all the valuable hoard,
Which was in Dicky's boxes stor'd.
Terence again sat down—he said
A cat the sudden noise had made;
Bernard grinn'd madly, when he found
His timid comrade quit the ground—
“A valiant dog art thou,—to dread
One man, who art by many led—
Yet I have seen thee mark a head;

Give me the stone—I'll quickly show,
The art of dealing a good blow,
By which an enemy's laid low."

XXVI.

Near to the window Bernard drew,
A pane of glass he then look'd thro'
'Till he had Terence full in view.
The stone he rais'd—so sure a mark,
He could not miss, tho' in the dark,
When seated snug upon a chair,
The object of his hate was there.
That day had Terence breath'd his last,
But twice the sweet Miss Kitty pass'd,
Between the stone and Terence' nob,
Just 'ere the hand had done the job:
The ruffian damn'd her o'er and o'er,
But yet the wicked deed forbore;
'They ne'er," he mutter'd, "shall relate,
I did thee any harm, proud Kate!"
Then moved to have a better view,
When to his side Tom Spriggins flew—
"Bernard, beware!—we are undone
For ever, if thou throw the stone.
By the Lord Harry there are some,
Who this way in a hurry come!
Nay, friend, make off and disappear,
Behold, they now are drawing near.

The foremost carries in his fist,
A cudgel thick as is my wrist."—
Bernard look'd round ; he saw, he knew,
What Spriggins said was very true ;
So curs'd his stars and off he flew ;
Hurried thro' thick and thin pell-mell,
And gained the green of Clerkenwell.

XXVII.

They, whom vile Bernard, with a curse,
Doom'd to a broken head, or worse ;
Their thoughts lent to one theme alone,
Saw not, nor fear'd th' uplifted stone ;
Careless and undismay'd they sat,
Tho' being very near laid flat ;
Careless and undismay'd discoursed,
When from the rogue the stone was forced ;
As lads on frozen river skait,
Not dreaming what may be their fate.
Uninterrupted still they read,
What Dicky in his story said.
He talk'd of treasure as of trash,
For wretches have no need of cash ;
Instead of blessing, 'twas a curse,
Which only made him ten times worse.

He begg'd that Kate wou'd take great care,
To keep the treasure for his heir—
His Nanny's son—no doubts he had,
But that still living was the lad,
For in his visions every week,
He saw him look, he heard him speak;
Then argued wise—had he been kill'd,
The blood had then been somewhere spill'd;
His body had been found—and so
He shou'd have known it long ago—
While these strange fancies he confess'd,
Hope seem'd to reign within his breast;
So wild, ridiculous and vain,
It mock'd his reason and his brain.

XXVIII.

These solemn words his tale conclude—
“ So help me Bob! if I pursued
A little business in Field-Lane,
Always in London to remain.
I followed trade to have it thought,
My goods were honourably bought,
And was resolv'd when trade was bad,
To make a search for the dear lad.
My wealth, on which a rogue near hand
Would fingers lay, I understand,
May safe be under thy command.

When of my dying speech Kate hears,
Let her preserve her charge three years ;
If none, from me, their claim put in,
Perish'd is Dicky's name and kin!
Then let her purchase with it clothes,
To fascinate surrounding beaux ;
To be the wonder of the day,
And cut a dash when at the play,
That she may soon become a wife,
And lead a comfortable life."

XXIX.

The noble lads, who knew full well,
That Dicky's spirit nought could quell,
Now to that spirit, ne'er dismay'd,
Gave all the praise that could be paid ;
But William chief, who plainly guess'd,
Why Dick didn't wish to be confess'd
His liberty, perhaps, to do
The mighty things he had in view.
Thoughtful he heard Miss Kitty say,
She with her father wish'd to stay,
A partner of his solitude,
If to accompany him she cou'd :

Yet grieved that Hockley-in-the-hole,
Deserted thus by every soul,
Open to robbers from the yard,
Had for the treasure no safeguard,
Which to her care had been consign'd,
And meant too for a purpose kind ;
“ Was Clerkenwell her chosen place ? ”
William enquired with reddened face,
“ For there, ’till all his fears subside,
Her father is oblig’d to hide.”
A hurried hope his words partook,
With hurried joy his body shook ;
Kate rose immediately to speak,
For anger flash’d in Terence’ cheek—
“ Duty,” said she with gentle voice,
“ Kind William, has of place no choice,
Else for my father, be assured,
A better room I had procured,
And in a more salubrious spot,
Than that he has at present got.
But where of comfort he can’t boast,
A daughter’s care needs Jokeby most.”

XXX.

He felt the civil rub she gave,
Hung down his head—then answer'd grave,
“ I made enquiry, matchless fair !
Thy fears to sooth—thy will prepare—
I at my beckon have some lads,
A noble gang, they are my dad's,
Men of such wondrous strength and might,
They'll carry all the chests at night,
And leave them in whatever place,
You think the safest in this case.”
“ Thanks, Master William, thanks,” she cried,
Oh instantly the men provide,
And more thy sister-friend to guide ;
Be thou so generous and kind,
As for my uncles' chests to find
A proper place,”—while this she said,
Some fellows their appearance made ;
The very same the ruffians saw,
And whose approach fill'd them with awe.
Their leader bow'd to Will, and then
Look'd round as if for other men—
“ What seek'st thou, boy ?” young Maddox cried,
“ And why these cudgels, pray, provide ?”

That's what by you I must be told,
For as myself and comrades bold,
Stopp'd to take something on the way,
It being such a coolish day,
A stranger told us you were dogg'd,
Beset and would to death be flogg'd—
He was a *bang-up* lad I swear,
A noble look—a stately air—
He swore by *gosh* it was no sham ;
I doubted not and here I am.”

XXXI.

William look'd pale, and, panic-struck,
Turn'd round and in that posture stuck ;
While Terence jump'd up from his chair,
Out of the window had a stare,
And Spriggins' hat discover'd there ;
Sure proof of something in the wind,
And that the warning too was kind.
Wisest it seem'd the room to quit,
With cautious speed. It was thought fit,
That Terence and the blooming Kate,
Should visit home when it was late,
And William should, with proper aid,
At night attend the charming maid,

From Hockley-in-the-hole to bear,
The loaded chests, under his care,
Wherein secur'd by lock and key,
All Dicky's valuables lay;
Determined thus, they bid good by,
Each with a deep and heavy sigh.

END OF CANTO FOURTH.

CANTO V.

I.

The freezing winter day is gone,
The sun has put his nightcap on ;
Still edifices of some height
Retain a little of his light ;
But Clerkenwell has buildings, which
At present are as dark as pitch ;
The church's steeple, far and high,
Appears a speck unto the eye ;
And all the shops which look'd so gay,
During the early part of day,
Of customers no longer full,
Are quite deserted now and dull ;
The masters all their profit count,
And shake their heads at the amount.

Thus grey-beards who can never yet,
The vanities of life forget,
Oft reckon up each youthful prank,
Till recollection leaves a bland.

II.

The eve, which is with darkness veil'd,
Now Hockley-in-the-hole conceal'd,
Where all in peaceful silence lay,
While dull and dreary was the way.
The dogs indeed began to bark,
At every footstep in the dark ;
And with congenial murmurs seem
To waken Boreas from a dream ;
For soon with every bark he vied,
And loud in deeper voice, replied.
William, who mild had ever been,
Felt all the horrors of the scene ;
He held his hat now very fast,
Lest he should lose it by the blast.
With careful footstep on he jogg'd,
Oft paus'd to see if he was dogg'd ;
And, tho' his way was to his love,
Did not with any briskness move,
But ponder'd, as he slowly went,
On all the ills which fortune sent.

Such nincompoops sometimes are we,
Even when our passions fill with glee.

III.

Now having many places past,
The wish'd for spot he reach'd at last ;
Where, propp'd by two large beams of wood,
The ancient house before him stood.
A fire was blazing in the room,
To dissipate the evening's gloom.
The window shutters too were barr'd,
A sign the folks were on their guerd.
But yet precautions plainly proved,
Their fear of danger not removed ;
When William gave a single knock,
Awhile he listen'd at the lock ;
Who's there? repeatedly was call'd,
A friend as frequently was bawl'd,
And not, for half an hour or more,
T'admit him ope'd the jealous door ;
And when he enter'd, soon the chain,
With rattling noise, was fix'd again ;
The grannam, now resolv'd to quiz,
Held up the candle to his phiz,
And eyed him well from top to toe,
'Ere she vouchsafed the way to show

Into the room—where, 'fore the fire,
William adjusted his attire;
And while the cheerful faggots crack,
Tuck'd up his skirts and warm'd his back.

IV.

To greet him Kate came running in,
And bade them fill a glass of gin.
The things were all pack'd up, she said,
And but for William's friends delay'd;
But, all reluctant to betray,
His father's nasty pilf'ring way,
He hinted, lest men prone to stealth,
Shou'd cast a sheep's-eye on his wealth.
He thought it best the chests to keep,
Until the folks were fast asleep:
And therefore for his friends left word,
All men of honor, he averr'd,
To meet at Hockley-in-the-hole,
When James's bell began to toll.
Now Terence came, who had been hard
At work to show his great regard,
Preparing every thing was meet,
And requisite for their retreat.
With William's kind attention pleased,
His cold, reluctant fist he seized,

And squeezed so hard that William then,
The loving squeeze return'd again.
Seem'd as their thoughts in this way ran,
“ Awhile let friendship be our plan,
And let our strife be who shall best
Assist this lovely girl distress.”

V.

The bargain was not made by speech,
But by the generous thought of each—
A sentiment of noble kind,
Impress'd at once on either mind.
Kate took the hint and strove to be,
With both quite affable and free,
And —— for she did indeed suppose,
They wou'd have stripp'd and gone to blows—
Felt, notwithstanding her sad state,
A joy no language can relate—
All snug they by the chimney sat,
And laugh'd and had some harmless chat,
And call'd forth all their spirits now,
To keep care's wrinkles from the brow.—
High privilege of youthful days,
Worth all the joys our prime conveys!
Kate finding them to quarrel loth,
Now fill'd a bumper glass for both.

VI.

The candle having now been snuff'd,
The fire too with the bellows puff'd;
The room which was exceeding bright,
Brought all the scenes of love to light;
Display'd poor William's bashful air,
And show'd Miss Kitty's neck so fair;
Her milk-white skin and graceful shape,
Cou'd not Terence' roguish eye escape,
Who during the fond moments plac'd
His arm around the lady's waist,
While Will was thankful when he'd hap
To have his hand upon her lap.
Two lovers now the maid carest,
And neither jealousy possest.
The maid her lovers' wishes plann'd,
And gave to each a willing hand.
It is a sight but rarely seen,
Thanks to man's pride and woman's spleen.

VII.

While thus all merry they appear'd,
A knock at the street door they heard;
And 'ere old gramman ask'd who's there?
A fiddle sounded in the air.—

A manly voice with quivers neat,
Accompanied the music sweet.

SONG.

Winter nights are come at last,
Winter snow is falling fast;
I've been very far to-day,
Do not bid me go away—
Charity atones for sin,
Take a ballad-singer in.

But grannam a smart answer had,
'Twas "Get away, thou saucy lad!"
The king wants men and I insist,
Such vagabonds as thou should list;"
At this reproof unkind and queer,
Answer'd the ready fiddler's air.

SONG RESUMED.

Bid not me a red coat wear,
Knapsack and a gun to bear:
I am of the plaintive kind,
Ne'er for fighting was design'd;
From my fiddle and my voice,
You shall have whate'er's your choice.

Still the old gentlewoman chid,
“ Depart, you knave, do as you’re bid.
I tell you what—if you don’t go,
Some water on your head I’ll throw.”

VIII.

With somewhat of a generous heart,
Young William took the fiddler’s part;
“ These notes, which so harmonious flow,
No common ballad-singer show ;
Hard the poor fellow to dismiss,
On such a bitter night as this ;
And sure it can be no great loss——
Your grannam is indeed too cross ;
Her door—once very free indeed
To greet the friend, the poor to feed,
Even me, accustomed here to sit,
Did but reluctantly admit.”—
“ O blame not as poor grannam’s fault,
What at this time is prudence thought ;
She deems it proper to beware,
And of the treasure to take care,
Nor thinks it fit to ope the door
So late, for every country boor,
Ever desirous to enhance
The duty of her vigilance.

I trust this fiddler won't in vain
Petition—Hark! he sings again!"

IX.

SONG RESUMED.

I can sing of war's alarm,
And love songs the fair to charm;
I a comic tale can tell,
And a tragic one as well.
Cold the night and dark the way,
Bid me then some moments stay.

Jokeby's gang were always gay,
Valiant men both night and day;
Their exploits and wondrous glee,
Known by few are known by me—
If you honor Jokeby's name,
Listen to the fiddler's claim.

Jokeby's gang did always long
For the fiddler and the song;
They were fond of the romance,
Fond too of a country dance;
If good people you're the same,
Listen to the fiddler's claim.

“ Hark, grannam listens—I dare say,”
Said Terence, “ he will find his way ;”—
“ For all thy boasting now, I trow,
Robin Adair thou dost not know,”
Cried the old woman, “ nor *Poor Jack*,
Nor *Mr. Mugg* and *Paddy Whack*.
If the *Mail Coach* thou can’st begin,
That were a song wou’d make us grin ;
If that thou can’st, in thou shalt come—
Thou’st won thy supper and a home.”

X.

Kate smiled—“ My grandmother,” she said,
Ne’er taste for harmony display’d.
But Terence wou’d’st thou not rejoice,
To hear this ballad-singer’s voice ?”
—“ O ask me not ! for, faith and troth,
To hear a song I’m never loth ;
Nor can I hear a merry tune,
That I don’t think of Dublin soon,
Where oft at *Heckball* I have smiled,
(The king of Beggars he was styled,
Who in his noddie came all grand,
To celebrate each nuptial band.)
And when his horn he loudly blew,
I’ve seen around a merry crew—

Ah I have walk'd o'er many a stone,
To listen to the bagpipe's drone;
And I have heard, with secret glee,
An Irish jig and *grammachree*—
And I myself have in the street,
Lillibollers whistled sweet—
Her hand upon his neck reclined,
“What must be, must be,” she rejoined;
“And think'st thou Terence I can leave
My much lov'd dwelling and not grieve,
Ever, alas, to be removed,
From all I in my childhood loved?
For on this snug delightful ground,
Did all Kate's happiness abound—
That place, where often sat my dad,
May by a stranger soon be had.
This room, where I'd my infant games,
May, Terence, soon be all in flames,
Yet is this consolation just,
My Terence dear—what must be, must.”
Her phrase, her action, saying this,
Were those of a gay little miss;
For affectation lost its sway,
In sorrow's sympathetic day.
Young Terence dar'd not leave the spot.
But rather had it been his lot,

To share that melancholy day,
Than have in Dublin his full sway,
At liberty to see again,
Smock-Alley, Ship-Street and Ross-Lane.

XII.

As pale as death was William's cheek,
Kate sees and now makes haste to speak—
“Happy th'ensuing hours we'll spend,
So be our quarrels at an end!
And Jokeby's daughter will not go,
From Jokeby's house with heart of woe;
This night at least, for Jokeby's sake,
A noble bowl of punch we'll make;
The cheerful fire shall blaze so high,
None shall be able to sit nigh;
And by its blaze the fiddle soon,
Shall play us up a merry tune.
Bid grannam not make such a fuss,
But send him in at once to us—
Meantime, kind Maddox, wilt thou use
Thy vocal skill—nay, don't refuse—
And look not grave! I guess thy thought,
Thy song with kisses wou'd be bought,
And Kate, since fortune is not good,
Is now not in a kissing mood.”—

The gentle stripling, for a time,
Began to think upon his rhyme,
And then in haste he clear'd his throat,
As prelude to the plaintive note.

XIII.

THE RIDICULE.

“ O Lady, let thy dress be cool,
And carry pray a ridicule ;
A pocket's the old fashion'd taste,
A spoiler of the female waist ;
For modern fashion can't abide,
To see a bulge-out at each side—
Then lady let thy dress be cool,
And carry pray a ridicule.—

Our mother Eve no pockets had,
And she was very thinly clad ;
Oh beautiful was nature's trim,
So very *natty*, neat and slim ;
And fashion now has wisely plann'd,
To have the pocket in the hand—
Then, lady, let thy dress be cool,
And carry pray a ridicule.—

A lady's pocket's a play-thing,
With tassels and a silken string ;
And many are the kinds that's sold,
A dirty handkerchief to hold ;
So females now cannot be grand,
Without a pocket in their hand ;
Then lady let thy dress be cool,
And carry, pray, a ridicule.

'Twas Momus, as 'tis justly thought,
These pockets into fashion brought ;
But Venus soon began to storm,
And voted for the *basket*-form ;
To vex the beauty he was loth,
So gave to female mortals both ;
And Venus to delight the fool,
Then christen'd his a Ridicule."

XIV.

" But," Kate exclaim'd, " where is the lad ?
Good Terence, let us not be sad.
Say, wilt thou for the fiddler go,
To dissipate our care and woe ?
Our neighbours shall a party make,
And of our merriment partake ;

Call every man-jack in I say,
To see me 'ere I go away—
They will be glad of it, dear souls,
And we will have a dance, by goles.”
The fiddler came—his looks express
A youth—an old man tho' his dress.
Adirty coat he had wrapt round,
The skirts of which just reach'd the ground;
His wig which almost touch'd his lip,
Seem'd to have been a *penny dip*.
His left hand held the fiddle low,
And in the other was the bow.
In short the fellow look'd this time,
As if equipp'd for Pantomime.

XV.

A kind of awkward bow he made,
Which still a studied air display'd;
And tho' he play'd a careless part,
Each look and word betray'd his art.
His phiz had something devilish queer,
Appearing mischievous tho' fair;
Yet cruel to interpret bad,
Of such a poor and simple lad.
His was the look both sly and dark,
That, marking all, seems none to mark;

His eyes round all the party stole,
Unseen themselves, to see the whole ;
Yet at Kate's look they were cast down,
Nor could they brook even Terence' frown.
By vet'rans of suspicious mind,
Cunning and wicked and unkind,
This pushing fellow had been deem'd ;
But young our lovers—and it seem'd,
The rest were all so full of glee,
At being in Kate's company,
That deuce a thing they thought of, save
A Country-dance or merry stave.

XVI.

All that base slyness vanish'd soon,
When he his fiddle 'gan to tune ;
Like conjuration did it mock,
As *Ingleby's new-headed cock*.
More kindly now he viewed the folks,
More freely now he crack'd his jokes.
More high and sweeter was his tone,
In all the notes of *Incedon* !
Alas ! too soon these notes were spent,
Sunk with the *storm* that gave them vent !
His ways resumed, he was again
Deceitful, treacherous and vain ;

And prov'd he did his talents use,
To cheat th' unwary and abuse.
Such was the lad whom Jokeby's fair,
Pray'd he wou'd sing that favorite air,
Which she had heard him sing before,
When he stood outside of the door.

XVII.

SONG.

THE FIDDLESTICK.

When I was but a little boy,
To play a tune was oft my joy;
For playing with an idle toy
Did make me sick;
So very happy to employ
My fiddlestick!

Grown up a man, so well I play'd,
That I a deal of money made;
Nor did I want for any aid
In learning quick;
And very often I display'd
My fiddlestick!

ove seiz'd me and I did not fail,
o tell my fair a plaintive tale,
ut fiddle faddle made her rail,
And give a kick——
What do you think then did prevail?
My fiddlestick!

When married, such a shrew I found;
Her tongue annoy'd me with its sound;
And when she stamp'd upon the ground
She was Old Nick!—
What do you think the noise tho' drown'd?
My fiddlestick!

Then to the fiddle let us bow,
(Not the *Scotch fiddle* tho', I vow)
For that on Sundays will allow
A bone to pick—
So see how gaily I move now
My fiddlestick!

XVIII.

"A pretty song," Miss Kitty said,
But grannam shook her hoary head,
And took the silver spoons away,
Which careless on the table lay.

Cymon observ'd—but turn'd aside,
And rosin to his bow applied;
Then touch'd the strings which seem'd to be,
In better tune for harmony:
Then paus'd as if in dread of harm,
And look'd around with feign'd alarm.
“There's none,” he utter'd, “in this room,
Wou'd hurt a fiddler I presume,
Who's studied every pleasing note,
Mirth and good humour to promote,
And with permission, wou'd essay,
To strike up now another lay.”
Then, satisfied by nod and look,
His fiddlestick again he took,
And grannam stopp'd to hear him tell,
His ditty of a Cockleshell.

XIX.

SONG.

THE COCKLESHELL.

As the fashions in changing must always excel,
So there can be no gig like the fam'd cockleshell—
Ever prime, ever bang-up, it cuts a fine show,
And the motto is this, “while I live, I will crow.”

But the Cockleshell once was capsized in the dirt,
And the cocks which adorned it severely were hurt;
But the Long-Acre Coach-maker soon made it go,
And the driver's resolv'd while he lives he will
crow.

For a benefit oft on the stage he will strut,
And in glittering diamonds a fine figure cut;
If *Lothario's* the character, then, you must know,
All the critics begin like *Lothario* to crow.

If the bucks of the day were such friends to our
trade;

If their money like his was immediately paid;
By St. Peter *John Bull* wou'd so affluent grow,
That his motto would be, "May Old England
still crow."

XX.

"Thanks," Kate exclaimed, "upon my word,
Your songs a deal of fun afford—
Here's sixpence for you—I deplore
That Jokeby's daughter can't give more.
And scratch again thy fiddlestring,
While I endeavour now to sing,

'Ere yet I leave my daddy's room,
To mourn, alas! his wretched doom."
The fiddler, with a surly look,
And kind of sneer, the sixpence took;
As yet, the love for wicked jokes,
Had made him carry on the hoax;
He is determined they shall pay,
And therefore studies to betray;
He dooms them to immediate broils,
And shares the danger, not the spoils.
What pays him for his studied rhyme,
And fiddling thus away his time?
What makes him cruel to the folks?
It is a love for wicked jokes.

XXI.

The sentiments of Cymon's mind,
Were dev'lish hard to be defin'd;
He, like a weather-cock, where'er,
His passion prompted him, wou'd veer;
And vice and virtue, in such whim,
Had very little weight with him;
And oh! when passion has the sway,
Not ev'n a grain can virtue weigh.
Yet now she weighs a *scruple*, while
The fair one wins him with a smile;

And much good natured too look'd he,
When Kitty humm'd to him the *key*.

SONG.

THE FAREWELL.

Farewell—a long farewell I say,
To Hockley-in-the-hole—
For I must go 'fore dawn of day
My father to console—
Methinks a melancholy gloom,
Is spreading all about;
For very dark is now the room,
The fire is going out!—

The lady stopp'd and clear'd her throat,
Then went into a higher note.

XXII.

Let the cheerful glass elate,
Let our sorrow be forgot—
'Tis, alas! the will of fate,
We but share another's lot.
Let us toast our absent friends;
Let's be patient every soul—
Fortune always changes sends
Good-by Hockley-in-the-hole.

Never more this room I'll scour,
To receive a Sunday friend ;
Nor another pleasant hour,
In this parlour shall I spend ;
Far from Hockley-in-the-hole,
I to-morrow's dawn shall be ;
With my father I must strole,
And no more this dwelling see.

XXIII.

While thus Miss Kitty's song was heard,
Poor Cymon like an ass appear'd—
In Chelsea he might oft have found,
As fair a face, as sweet a sound ;
But Chelsea notes cou'd never vie,
With Kitty's varied harmony ;
Nor was there in Five-Fields a lass,
Who cou'd her dignity surpass.
“ Alas, poor lady !” Cymon thought,
“ And have I then thy ruin sought ?
Was it my hand that cou'd unlatch
The door for ruthless foes to watch ?
Foes, lost to honor, base and sly,
Their kindest mercy a black eye !
Is there no hope ? Can't we make off ?
I hear already Bernard's cough.

Even now—if that my eyes tell true,
His ugly shadow cross'd my view!
He was to wait my signal air—
I'll see if I can't keep him there—
To dally longer I'll contrive,
Young Maddox' party may arrive—
Alarm precipitates the broil!
I'll play my fiddle a good while ;"—
And then, with shakes both fine and long,
He quiver'd out another song.

XXIV.

BALLAD.

A priest, who was travelling, stopp'd,
And begg'd at an inn for a bed ;
A courtsey the landlady dropp'd,
And after long thinking she said ;
“ We have but one spare room to-night,
And that, sir, is haunted they say ;
But if you don't value a sprite,
To sleep in that chamber you may.”
The priest vow'd he was not afraid,
'Twas all idle talk he declar'd ;

A good hearty supper he made,
And then for his bed-room prepar'd.

The door having fasten'd, with chalk
The key-hole he *cross'd* with great care;
Then all round the room did he walk,
And *cross'd* every hole he saw there.

He stripp'd and while stooping, behind
A terrible slap did he get;
A voice then exclaim'd—"Now you find,
You have not *cross'd* every hole yet."

XXV.

"Fiddler, thy magic song, I vow,"
Kate said, "can raise a spectre now;"
Well nigh, in yonder gloomy place,
My fancy sees a devil's face.
I swear 'tis lurking in the hall,
I see it! look, good people, all!
Oh now, the room, 'tis entering quick—
Go, get a bason!—I am sick!"
'Twas true enough, stride after stride,
Until he reach'd the lady's side;
Grim Bernard came; then look'd around,
And fiercely stamping on the ground,

Thunder'd aloud—"Budge not, good sirs,
He bleeds who speaks, he dies who stirs."—
Behind their chief, the ruffian set,
From their concealment quickly get
In silence—save that hollow sound
Their wooden shoes made on the ground.
Then, halting at their leader's back,
They seem'd at once a desperate pack,
Fully resolv'd within to keep
Their victims, like a herd of sheep.
Another sign, and for the blows,
Prepared at once their cudgels rose,
As waiting but their chieftain's look,
To give a sure and fatal stroke.

XXVI.

Up in a crack the party were,
Tho' frighten'd, they were still sincere;
The chairs and table down they threw,
Between Miss Kitty and the crew.
"O fire and faggots!" Terence cried,
"Will, hand that poker by thy side.
Bear hence poor Kitty—gain the hall,
You'll then escape for good and all;
Musha, good lad, why in the dumps?
Oh dally not, but move your stumps."

Their motions by the crowd were hid,
And William did as he was bid.
Unseen now thro' the hall they pass'd,
And got to the street door at last;
William half carried and half led,
Poor Kitty who was almost dead;
And safe in Hockley-in-the-hole,
The lady stands without control—
Refreshing air and exercise,
Restor'd her senses in a trice.
“Where's Terence?” eagerly she bawls;
“Thou answer'st not—he falls! he falls!
And thou hast left him, all alone,
With cruel men to be knock'd down.
I know it well—he'll give a stroke,
And get one too—his head is broke!
To save my life at his expence,
To me, Sir, is a great offence.”

XXVII.

The angry look, the cruel cut,
Poor William in a flurry put.
“Madam,” he said, “thou need'st not fear,
My friends will soon be with thee here.
Thou shalt not mourn thy Terence dead,
I'll run and get a broken head.”

He turn'd away—his heart so throb'd,
That in his agony he sobb'd—
The maid, then having thought awhile,
Repented of her cruel style ;
“ Stay, William, stay—in vain all aid ;”—
He heard, but deuce an answer made.
He gains the dwelling where they fight—
He enters—and is out of sight !

XXVIII.

What sounds now steal upon the ear,
While overcome with doubt and fear ?
It is, it is the noise of feet,
Kate hears and runs the men to meet ;
Seizes the leader by the sleeve,
“ Make haste, make haste, assistance give ;
Break the door open—make your way.”
The fellows instantly obey,
And helter skelter, one and all,
They made their way into the hall ;
But, 'ere the parlour door they sought,
A bloody battle had been fought
When Bernard saw Kate ta'en away,
It was the signal for the fray ;
And Jokeby's gang, who in attacks,
Did always scorn to turn their backs ;

Now from their panic fit broke loose,
And of their cudgels made good use—
(For they brought cudgels, with th'intent,
To guard their mistress when she went,)
Then cheer'd them to the fight, O'Rourke,
Then peal'd the shout, then 'gan the work.
The blows so fierce were dealt about,
That soon the candles were put out,
While now on the defenders rush
The ruffians with a dreadful push ;
And twice driv'n back, yet fierce and stout,
Renew'd th' attack with frantic shout.

XXIX.

Will got enough—but, by his side,
Stood Terence and the worst defied ;
Cheering the lads with voice and fist,
Still the bold fellows to resist.
“ Now for it, lads ! in Jokeby's place,
Ne'er be it said that fear's the case.
What ! care you for their savage shout,
Or are you vex'd the candle's out ?
With louder cry this parlour shook,
When Jokeby's guests their bottle took ;
And oft the candle's thrown away,
In Hallowtide or Christmas play.

Stand to it, boys! resistance make,
For Jokeby's and Miss Kitty's sake!
These puppies! they cannot do much,
One man can beat a dozen such!"
Young, fierce and violent as hell,
Upon th' advancing foes he fell.
Woe to the wretch whose noddle felt
The knocks which his shillelagh dealt!
Bernard push'd on—but grannam held
His skirt and his retreat compell'd;
Her wrinkled arms about him flung,
And on the ruffian's neck she hung.
Just then the party fill'd the hall;
The watchmen entered at their call.
And now so great was their dismay,
They broke, they fled or ran away.
Bernard's rough voice no more they heed,
Though loud enough it was indeed;
For he endeavoured, but in vain,
The battle to renew again.

XXX.

Now thicker clouds the hall surround,
Than e'er in blacksmith's shop were found;
So dense, the boxers did not know,
Which was a friend or which a foe;

Grouping about, they rub their eyes,
But soon a dismal light shall rise ;
'Mid wild confusion, from the smoke,
A sudden fire tremendous broke ;
New horrors all the neighb'ring dames
Affright—the parlour is in flames !
It seems that during early blows,
The candle fell among some clothes.
Kate saw—and now her hands she wrung,
For the poor girl had lost her tongue.
But ceas'd not yet, inside the door,
The shout, the blow and battle's roar ;
Tho' cracking timbers plainly told,
The house much longer would not hold.
What ! wait they till the beams descend,
And crush to pieces foe and friend ?
They're not such asses—they retreat,
And have their box out in the street.
The watchmen soon their rattles sprung,
St. James's bell too also rung.
Forth came the fiddler in a fright,
And by her gown held Kitty tight—
Her scream, entreaty and her dread,
Preserv'd him from a broken head.
Spriggins and him the watchmen kept,
The rest, save Bernard, off had crept.

XXXI.

And where is Bernard? to the sky,
The flames are now ascending high;
The engines come and there abide,
Until with water they're supplied;
When, like a very devil, sent,
Red from his fiery punishment,
Contagion all around to spread—
On fire his hair, all blood his head.
Forth from the fierce encircling flame,
The lucky form of Bernard came!
With half-burn'd cudgel he appears,
Then laid it 'bout the watchman's ears.
In vain his arm the watchman held,
To let him go he was compell'd;
And when compell'd to let him go,
He for his pains receiv'd a blow;
And when his enemies defi'd,
With matchless force he flung aside
The boldest—as the boy, in play,
Tosses the pebble in his way;
Thro' forty men his way he cleared
And in an instant disappeared.

XXXII.

Scarce was this bloody battle fought,
When on his back brave Terence brought
William, who panting for his breath,
Had very near been burnt to death,
Deserted there by all his friends ;
But Terence saw and made amends.
His burthen on a stone he laid,
Which dry the conflagration made—
And round his neck a kerchief tied,
While Kate attended at his side.
He snuff'd the air and they were glad,
To find that it reviv'd the lad.
A mournful look on them he cast,
“ I wish this moment was my last.”—
No more he said—there was no need,
A hackney coach was call'd with speed,
For Terence and his partner sweet,
When Master William had a seat.
But Kitty very oft look'd back,
And heard her father's timbers crack ;
She dropp'd a tear—alas, poor soul,
She wept for Hockley-in-the-hole.
Now louder cracks assail'd her ears,
And realiz'd the maiden's fears,

Proclaiming by its dreadful roar,
That—Jokeby's dwelling is no more!
It fell and great too was the fall,
As that of the COMMERCIAL HALL.

END OF CANTO FIFTH,

CANTO VI.

I.

Now came of winter the third night,
Since Jokeby's dwelling blazed so bright;
The owl in the church-yard sat prim,
And there began to sing his hymn.
The dog, by turning round and round,
Had made his bed upon the ground.
The raven too was fast asleep,
The sheep were gather'd in a heap—
Forth came the cat to watch and mew,
The rat and mouse their tyrant knew,
As in the stable he appears,
With ready paw and prick'd up ears.
Sleep seal'd the eyes of little boys,
Who all the day had play'd with toys.

Their needles now the girls employ'd,
Or a sweet novel's page enjoy'd.
A dubious light the lamps bestow'd,
And to the eye but faintly show'd
The cellar deep in Dyott-Street,
Which late had been the thieves' retreat ;
And as the watchmen careless roved,
Their shadows on the pavement moved,
Shadows which met or shunn'd the view,
With every motion of the shoe ;
As hope and fear alternate cheat,
Our senses in this mortal state.

II.

Walking thro' many a narrow lane,
A dismal form was seen quite plain,
To make his way by stealthy pace,
As cat that treads a boggy place,
And pauses oft, in hopes to get,
Her paws out of the nasty wet.
He passes now the lonesome hill,
The owl has seen him and is still—
He passes now the passage dark,
The startled dog gets up to bark ;
Against the stable doth he hit,
Puss curls her tail and gives a spit.

And when the raven finds him near,
He with a croak salutes his ear—
Now having walk'd o'er many a stone,
The midnight ruffian stands alone !
Methinks that by the lamp we quiz
A well remembered form and phiz !
That boyish shape, that pallid cheek,
A melancholy story speak
Of powers misplac'd, of passion's sway,
Of vice, of woe and of dismay !
'Tis Cymon's eye, at every shout
That casts that sheepish look about ;
'Tis Cymon's trembling hurry knocks
The stable and Grimalkin shocks ;
And, when the cellar-board's up-thrown
'Tis Cymon's figure that goes down.

III.

With steel and flint he struck a light,
That in the cellar sparkled bright ;
Fearful and quick he noted well,
Each corner of the gloomy cell.
Since last he left the dismal scene,
It seem'd as none therein had been ;
Unmov'd he found the different spoil,
The fruit of his companions' toil ;

Visors, and various sorts of clothes,
Skeleton keys and iron crows ;
And all the instruments that aid
House-breakers in their wicked trade,
Upon the stools now scatter'd lay,
Or were in corners put away.
On the deal table still appear
The reliques of the gin and beer ;
Glasses and emptied pots were there,
Tobacco pipes and broken ware,
And wild confusion mark'd the scene,
As when the final fun had been,
When, merry, resolute and brave,
The parting toast Tom Spriggins gave ;
To Jokeby's house they fill'd around ;
Their laughter made the place resound ;
Staggering, they reeled into the street,
And parted—never more to meet !
They found in Jokeby's house their due,
A basting and a roasting too !

IV.

He spies the dress behind the door,
Which late as a disguise he wore,
And shuddering thought upon his jest,
When as a fiddler he was drest.—

“ The devil take my fiddle-stick,”
He cried, “ that moved me to the trick,
When flatter’d by my comrade’s praise,
I studied all their wheedling ways.
Three winter days are scarcely past,
Since I have seen this cellar last ;
A giddy boy and apt to err,
But oh as yet no slanderer !
Even now my comrade’s mirth I hear,
That horse-laugh echoes in my ear,
Which cheer’d my heart and fired my blood,
When with my fiddle-stick I stood—
And wou’d what happen’d since that day,
Cou’d like a vision pass away ;
But recollection notes too well,
The sorrows which our crew befel :
Soon as the rumpus they began,
When squar’d the fist and stripp’d the man ;
When the avengers on us fall
And kept us in the burning hall.
My narrow ’scape—the lifted cane—
That angel’ interposing strain!—
If for the kindness she display’d,
I cou’d repay the generous maid.—
Perhaps a something I may find,
That will,”——he turn’d nor spoke his mind.

V.

Forth from the fire-place he retreats,
With paces five the earth he meets;
Then stopp'd to ope a cupboard door,
And cautiously the shelves explore;
Nor paus'd till, from a private nook
His hand a tied-up parcel took.
Just as he stoop'd t'undo the knot,
A giant grasp his shoulder got;
He shook and look'd up in a fright,
Then scream'd—'twas Bernard held him tight.
"Shrink not," he said; "but who d'you think,
Cou'd hear the bully and not shrink?
"Shrink not!—by heaven he shakes as much,
As debtor by a bailiff's touch!"
He rais'd him now his fears to quell,
While from the opening parcel fell
A coral with a silver bell.
Bernard beheld it with amaze,
And on the bauble long did gaze;
Then, patting Cymon on the head,
Somewhat reliev'd him from his dread;
For still the stripling's half raised eye
Glistened with tears of misery,

And sidelong glanc'd, as to survey,
In meditated flight, the way.
" Sit," Bernard cried, " devoid of woe,
Thou can'st not, and thou shalt not, go.
Chance brings me hither—east and west,
In vain I've visited for rest. |

And tell me now thou trembling lout,
What means this toy?—what art about?
The watch had thee and Tom in charge,
How comes it thou art now at large?
I deem'd, long since, in Newgate placed,
Your legs had been with fetters graced.
Tell me the whole—but, look you, I
Will not put up with any lie."
The youth, tho' somewhat still afraid,
Plucking up courage, now obey'd.

VI.

" Spriggins and I, in kimbo fast,
Two dismal nights together pass'd.
The third sad morrow brought a friend,
For Jemmy Maddox did attend.
He of my chum great notice took,
With fix'd and penetrating look:
" Tom Spriggins art thou call'd?"—" I am,"
" Who lived a month at Tottenham ;

Thence ran away and sold cats' meat,
So I am told, about the street.
That fail'd—the cause I need not give,
Thy wits have taught thee how to live—
A friend to Jokeby—Dost agree
That I've guess'd right?"—"Yes, to a T."
Awhile he poulder'd and anon,
In a low voice he thus went on;
Me, I believe, he saw not yet,
For in a corner I did get,
"List to me, Tom. For private ends,
Sometimes we make even rogues our friends;
And men too of the greatest rank,
A villain for his aid will thank.
Were I disposed to get thee free,
What pledge of faith cou'dst thou give me?"

VII.

The devil, who is never slack,
To counsel Spriggins in a crack,
Whisper'd his lie. His only boy,
Shou'd rest his pledge. With looks of joy.
He turn'd to me. "His son art thou?"
I bow'd. Together we sat now;
And freely he began t'impart,
The secrets of his wicked heart.

William, his son and pet, he said,
To Kate had his addresses paid ;
And long since had their hands been join'd,
But that her father was unkind ;
Who took it now into his head,
That she, per force, shou'd only wed
A despicable Irish clown,
Whose birth and lineage were unknown,
Save that a drunken fellow had,
In Jokeby's parlour, dropp'd the lad.
He thought, by coaxing, he might yet
Old Jokeby in his favor get,
And fair occasion now had he,
To coax the fellow to agree,
As near him refuge he had sought,
Thro' the alarm which he had wrought.

VIII.

“ He school'd us in a well-forg'd lie,
In hopes to prove an *alibi* ;
And told us by what various tricks,
The crime on others we might fix ;
Bade us on Jokeby's flight to dwell,
As that might in our favor tell.
Such was the hint, when Tom, whose hate,
To Jokeby and O'Rourke is great,

Declared he did not care a pin,
For he wou'd swear thro' thick and thin.
I scrupled—till, again, indeed,
Jemmy declared we should be freed,
And then—alas! it was agreed.”
Said Bernard—“ What a wavering lad,
Unfit alike for good or bad!
But pray go on,”—“ Soon as he heard
The Magistrate the case deferr'd;
Ne'er on the stage, in any part,
Was seen so fine a tragic start
As Maddox gave—tho', it is said,
The business was by him delay'd.
From friend to friend, from place to place,
He hurried with a madman's pace;
To all his comrades told his mind,
'Bout Jokeby's daughter so unkind,
And begg'd, to-morrow, about noon,
They wou'd attend at the Half Moon.”

IX.

“ Half Moon! I pass'd it by even now,”
Said Bernard, “ when 'twas dark I vow.”
And there I smoked a pretty set,
Who for some wickedness had met.

There will be mischief, I believe,
If Kate her hand to Will don't give.
She loves him not—for my own part,
I think that Terence has her heart.
How camest thou to thy freedom?" "That
Thou may'st most justly wonder at.
That pretty start when Jemmy made,
A note was by a lad display'd,
Who said a man, in dirty trim,
Requested he would give it him.
He broke the seal—he gave a stare,
Frantic, terrific, fierce and queer;
The fire which darted from his eye,
Became a tear of misery;
His hand shook like an aspen leaf,
His countenance bespoke the thief.
Spriggins he deem'd, in time of need,
Fit person for a naughty deed;
Aside this gentleman he took,
And thus began with surly look.

X.

"As, in romances we may read,
By miracle are prisoners freed;
Dick—whom we all in kimbo thought,
For I a friend of his besought

T'inform against his wicked gang,
As he intended me to hang—
Dick is at large—the blockhead blabb'd,
But harm'd not Dick, for Jack was knabb'd"—
Roaring an execration out,
Bernard jump'd up and walk'd about.
"Thine old bald pate or ugly phiz,"
He mutter'd, "greater blockhead is;"—
Then sat and wink'd to Cymon, who
Look'd pale—his story to pursue.
Jemmy went on—"Attend a while,
To this man's wild pedantic style.

THE LETTER.

"Thou who art Dicky's enemy,
Shalt to thy sorrow find him free.
Once did he lead a happy life,
A pretty boy, a prettier wife;
Then love and beauty bless'd the day,
Thy malice snatch'd my bliss away.
Mark how he pays thee—to thyself
He cheerfully resigns his pelf!
One boon premis'd—my boy restore,
And thou shalt hear of me no more;
Refuse me this and in Field-Lane,
Dick's pardon thou shalt beg in vain."

XI.

“ While Jemmy this epistle read,
Three or four times he knock’d his head ;
Like a stuck pig awhile he stood,
And then broke out in frantic mood—
“ Crack’d is his head—stark-staring mad,
What know I of his spouse or lad ?
He brought a pretty lass to town,
Her birth and parentage unknown ;
She for shop-lifting was exil’d—
The nurse then vanish’d with the child ;
Heaven knows if I could find the boy,
I’d give him’ to his dad with joy ;
This very instant I’d be glad,
To see the father hug his lad ;
Nor at Dick’s treasure wou’d I aim,
The son Dick’s treasure best can claim.”
Thou know’st that ever so opprest,
Tom Spriggins ne’er will lose his jest.
“ Then much thy servant doth rejoice,”
He said “ to give his friend his choice ;
Thou hast not very far to run,
In search of Dick’s beloved son ;
Thy generous wish can now be had,
Terence O’Rourke is Dicky’s lad.”

XII.

“Upstarting with a frantic air,
The fellow now began to swear—
“Am I awake? or dost thou rave?
Or dar’st thou banter me, thou knave?
Perhaps thou know’st not I can yet
Against thee four indictments get.”
Spriggins, who knew his safety well,
Firmly rejoin’d—“the truth I tell—
It chanc’d upon a summer night,
When on the road the moon shone bright,
That very night when Terence first,
At Hockley-in-the-hole was nurs’d;
By my dexterity I *boned*
The coral which the baby owned;
Which in his mouth he used to put,
When he his *grinders* ’gan to cut.
Pretty the bells, with silver wrought,
—Demand not how the toy I caught;
It was not borrow’d, given, nor bought.
Some letters I pick’d up too then,
All written by an Irish pen.
I hid my prize, for, be it known,
I had occasion to leave town.

I found it troublesome and vain,
Pot hooks and hangers to explain ;
Some of the writing tho' I guess'd,
And *chance* gave guiding to the rest.

XIII.

" Three days since, was explain'd the scroll,
When hid in Hockley-in-the-hole ;
With prick'd-up ears I heard Miss Kate,
Her uncle's history relate—
And now I fully can explain,
All the vile scribble doth contain ;
But 'till I had this lucky clue,
I cou'd not tell a g from q.
Mark then—Nan was the darling still,
Of old O'Rourke of Redmond-Hill ;
Tho' she serv'd dad a scurvy trick,
By leaving him for Mr. Dick ;
O'Rourke, the moment that he heard,
The sweet-heart which had been prefer'd,
From Dublin sent a trusty man,
To have some private chat with Nan,
(Until a letter told his plan ;)
But when the man came, lack-a-day,
The lady was at Botany-Bay.

XIV.

“ O'Rourke it was, who, now half mad,
Robb'd Dicky of his infant lad ;
He bred him in his own employ,
And call'd him a poor orphan boy.
Soon the nurse popp'd off, and the crew
Believ'd the tale was very true—
It never was th' old man's intent,
The boy to London should be sent,
Until his bankruptcy took place,
And poverty became disgrace—
In debt then being very deep,
The child he cou'd no longer keep,
And so resolv'd, the little soul
To send to Hockley-in-the hole ;
Assur'd that Jokeby with great care,
Wou'd his adopted grandson rear ;
But still a secret from the same,
He kept his parentage and name.
The man, with whom he sent the lad,
No notion of the secret had ;
And so, it seems, the drunken *Pat*,
Lost every thing except the brat.”—

XV.

“ A wond’rous tale I can’t deny,”
Said Jemmy—“ but its all my eye—
Heaven knows, as glad as I take out
This handkerchief to blow my snout;
Wou’d I this very hour, egad,
Shake hands with Dick, or with his lad.
But Dick’s a cunning dog—O’Rourke
Goes a clandestine way to work.
Give me thy ear,”—They whisper’d now,
Till Spriggins raised his voice I vow—
“ My proofs! I never will,” he cried,
Let mortal man know where they hide.
Nor don’t suppose to over-reach,
By threat’ning me, Sir, with *Jack Ketch*;
For I have friends at large, aware
Where all my valuables are—
Release me from the runner’s hand,
These tokens are at thy command;
And by some artifice or trick,
Thou may’st get rid of Mr. Dick.”—
“ I like thy wit,” said Jemmy, “ yet,
Thy liberty thou shalt not get;
Thy son may prove, if I don’t err,
A trustier ambassador—

A letter he shall take to Dick
From me and bring these tokens quick.
Drink shalt thou have and shalt be free,
As soon as he returns to me.
But if to stay the rogue thinks fit,
The magistrate shall thee commit."

XVI.

" Fall'n in the pit himself had made,
What artifice cou'd Spriggins aid?
He told me, with a starting tear,
The tokens were all tied up here;
Begg'd on the way, I wou'd not stop,
Tho' e'er so thirsty for a drop,
And look'd as if just tuck'd up then,
And I the priest who said Amen.
This note for Dicky, Jemmy brought,
Who 'bout Field-Lane is to be sought—
When evening came I was at large,
The Magistrate sent my discharge."
" Give Jemmy's note,"—he read it o'er,
And bit by bit, the letter tore—
" All stuff and nonsense!—to cajole,
A worthy and good-natured soul,
And lead him on from gang to gang,
Till at th' Old Bailey he might hang—

Now say what dost thou mean to do,
And mind, young man, thou tell'st me true—
If aught I mark of Spriggin's way,
This cane upon thy back I'll lay."

XVII.

"I'll spare thee, Sir, the pains," he cried,
For I my tutor can't abide;
Fix'd was my purpose to make known
To Dick that Terence is his son;
To bid him in retirement live,
And to his hands these tokens give.
Fix'd was my purpose to prevent,
Far as I may, their base intent,
And fix'd it rests—if, safe and sound,
This night I leave this cellar's ground."
"And Spriggins?"—"Let him go to hell,
For he deserve its torments well—
If Maddox swear his life away,
Pray what to me can Spriggins say,
Whose future happiness he's marr'd,
And made me a complete *blackguard*?
He tutor'd me to be untrue,
Now let my master have his due."
"Right" answer'd Bernard, "'tis well said,
The fellow's properly repaid—

But thou—thou art not for our way,
Hast love, hast conscience, hast dismay ;
And he, who leagues with us must ne'er
For friendship or compassion care."

XVIII.

He paus'd and stretching him to yawn.
Seem'd half inclin'd to sleep till dawn ;
Apparently in thinking deep,
'Tho' half awake and half asleep ;
One single hand his forehead propp'd,
The other on his knee was dropp'd.
The monstrous eye-brows downward fell,
And hid the eyes which blaz'd like hell.
His lip which us'd to speak his pride,
Vouchsaf'd the haughty curve to hide ;
The frightful look which still remained,
A melancholy air retained.
There was a something now indeed,
Which upon Bernard's conscience prey'd—
And when he spoke, his tone once deem'd,
So loud and snappish, alter'd seem'd ;
His voice was gentle, soft and weak,
Like children's learning first to speak,
And timid Cymon sad appear'd,
When he the alteration heard.

XIX.

“ Cymon, like thee indeed I fret,
That Dick such scurvý treatment met;
It wou’d draw tears from every eye,
Save mine which know not how to cry.
Never to Dick must it be said,
That I the fool for Jemmy play’d;
Yet no informer I thro’ fear,
But that I thought Dick insincere.
Say, Bernard’s sorry for’t—that’s more,
Than Bernard ever said before.
Say, too, that Dick may now depend,
I shall henceforward be a friend;
Perchance my leader yet may know,
That I am móre a friend than foe.
My neck hath felt a sudden stretch,
A warning of the dread *Jack Ketch*;
A voice hath said, the gallows shun,
As well to bid that wall to run.
Fixt as that wall I still will be,
My legs may kick but cannot flee.

XX.

“ Now to thy errand, Cymon. Hence,
Seek Dick and tell him to commence

His work, tell every thing he knows,
And rescue Terence from his foes.
Now fare thee well—'tis late, mayhap
I'll have a comfortable nap."

Timidity was all a sham,
In Cymon's eye the dew-drop swam,
A tribute to the bravery,
Which stoop'd not in necessity,
But strove, by taking courage still,
To triumph o'er approaching ill.
Bernard did soon the tear discern,
Which made his iron heart to yearn—
"I never thought," he now cried out,
"That any one for me wou'd pout."
He rummag'd all his pockets sound,
And a small bit of silver found—
"Of all my late ill-gotten gains,
But this poor six-pence now remains.
Take it, dear Cymon, all my wealth,
And on the way drink Bernard's health.
Once more—to Mr. Dicky hie;
Farewell and stop not to reply."

XXI.

The morn succeeded night again,
And every clock had struck out ten.

Maddox, who since the break of day,
Had curs'd the youth that staid away,
Impatient question'd now his pack,
“ If Spriggins son had yet come back? ”—
It chanc'd there answer'd of the set,
A man who oft this Cymon met ;
“ No son of Spriggins,” he exclaim'd,
“ A Chelsea lad and Cymon nam'd.
He sings and on the fiddle plays,
And is well known for knavish ways.”
“ Not Spriggins' son !—a Chelsea lad !
Then I am *dish'd* by all that's bad !
No doubt to Mr. Dick he's gone,
And that the tokens will be shown.
Fool that I was—the die is cast—
There's no recalling what is past !
I'll learn the business I suppose
From Spriggins soon—to jail he goes !
Ho ! gentlemen, pray instantly,
Come to the magistrate with me ;
I will discover such a thing,
That sure as fate the dog shall swing !
Bridget, tell Will to wash his face,
And come with me to Ely-Place.”

XXII.

“ Alack,” the poor old woman said,
And this and that way went her head :
“ Alack-a-day ! I’m griev’d to tell
I do not think your son is well.
Last night, when reading my prayer book,
I at the candle chanc’d to look,
And the first thing my eyes did meet
Was, lack-a-day ! a winding sheet.”
“ Poo, never talk to me such stuff,
I know the lad is well enough ;
If not, I have a cure—so mum,
Tell him to Ely-Place to come.”
He paus’d awhile when this he spoke,
And then—again he silence broke.
“ I’ll hang the scoundrel—that I will,
By doing so I’ll show my skill ;
Nought else can frighten Madam Kate,
Or win her to be William’s mate—
But when she sees that what I say,
Has with the Magistrate great sway ;
And when she deems, that to refuse,
Dooms dad and Terence to the noose,
She must give way—then, when allied
To Jokeby, all my fears subside :

For then I'll be a man of weight,
And if Dick come, he comes too late;
I'll not regard him then a fig,
But if he's saucy, pull his wig.

XXIII.

In Hatton Office what a crowd—
“Take off your hat,” is cried aloud;
’Tis hurly-burly every where,
The runners running here and there.
Just then the Magistrate thought fit,
Poor Mr. Spriggins to commit,
Scarce conscious what’s before his eye,
The mittimus is sign’d and dry:
Scarce conscious what assails his ear,
They call a hackney coachman near;
Away to Newgate now they drive,
Tho’ he the jaunt can scarce survive;
And when they come to Kirby’s door,
Tom Spriggins then is seen no more!

XXIV.

In Clerkenwell mean while did lurk,
Old Jokeby and his friend O’Rourke;
And from some distant voices came,
Fast-utter’d oaths with William’s name.

But Maddox enter'd with his gang,
To make a very fine harangue ;
Then first old Jokeby did he quiz,
Who gaz'd on his ill-looking phiz,
As calm as if he came a friend,
That was invited to attend ;
As calm as if that phiz had been
The handsomest was ever seen.
Some paces back drew Maddox quick—
He was afraid of Jokeby's stick—
And said with low and faltering voice,
“ I beg to know your honor's choice.”
The gentleman then smil'd and said,
“ My only daughter is this maid,
But I wou'd rather she was dead,
Than an informer's son she'd wed.”
Then Terence spoke, “ Oh blood-an-ouns,”
I wou'd not for a hundred crowns ;
To do him harm you'd be provoked,
Spare Jokeby's neck—let me be choked ;”
Jemmy that kindness wou'd have done,
But apprehension stopp'd his tone.

XXV.

And now he pours his wheedling prate,
In private on the ear of Kate—

“ I hope, fair lady, you’ll be won
To have compassion on my son—
Consent, to him your hand to give,
And we shall very happy live.
Refuse, and you’ll repent of that,
For I will do—oh you know what.”
Kate, very sad and spiritless,
Was shock’d at this unkind address ;
She look’d as pale as poor Jane Shore,
When that she begg’d from door to door.
Her head she rais’d and then she said
In a low voice, “ my choice is made ;”
Spare but their necks ! and now I wait,
’Till William shall decide my fate.
He once was kind,”—As she said this
The face of Maddox spoke his bliss.
“ William, where have you so long been ?—
Why upon Bridget’s shoulder lean ?
What is it prithee that’s amiss ?—
Come, come and give the girl a kiss ;
Down on your marrow bones, I say,
Shou’d sobs and tears your joy display ?”
“ Be quiet, dad ; I late went forth,
And purchas’d a whole shilling’s worth
Of laudanum, and every sup
Upon my honor I drank up.”

XXVI.

He took Kate's lovely hand—"dear lass,"
He said, "pray could it come to pass,
That you believed me so unkind,
As in this wicked plot to have join'd?
Alas! had I successful been,
It would have spared this tragic scene;
But now bear witness powers above,
That tho' both head and ears in love,
I wou'd not have join'd in such design,
Not even—to call Miss Kitty mine;
For all my sins I now atone,
For I am going—going—gone!"
His feeble frame he scarce cou'd move,
With laudanum, with grief, with love;
That lacking now his usual strength,
He fell and lay at his full length.
He groan'd—his lip her hand had kiss'd,
Death seiz'd him and he dropt her fist;
Greater and greater was his pain,
They rais'd him—but it was in vain!
His dad and company, dismay'd,
Endeavour'd to procure him aid.
Now vinegar they pour'd about,
And burnt brown paper at his snout;

But no effect their efforts had,
Dead as a herring was the lad!

XXVII.

The wretched father, to his cost,
Saw all his hopes with William lost!
“And am I childless now?” said he,
“Childless thro’ that relentless she?
Here lies my William—dead and gone,
And hated Dick will find a son,
Will join, in matrimonial band,
With Jokeby’s daughter Terence’ hand;
And shall their triumph then take place,
Spite of my schemes for their disgrace?
No!—deeds, which pity dare not do,
Vengeance is ready to pursue!
That lady who pretends to cry,
Shall real tears shed by and by;
By heaven I will hang them all,
Ho! for the constables now call!”
But nobody the summons heard,
For not a constable appeared.
“Make haste, I say! for they or I,
In Newgate cells shall quickly lie.”

XXVIII.

At last a noise assail'd the ear,
Which seem'd as if approaching near ;
Louder it was and still more loud,
'Till Clerkenwell was all a crowd,
And in the middle was espied,
A fellow who with cords was tied ;
All shrunk when he appear'd in view,
For Bernard every body knew.
Three strides that wondrous hero took,
The first the very timbers shook ;
The second then the passage clear'd,
The third—near Jemmy he appear'd ;
A nod he at the fellow cast,
That was enough—he was held fast,
And by the constables around,
Without a groan was Maddox bound ;
All was so quick that in the while,
You had not time an egg to boil.

XXIX.

While in amazement all remain'd,
Bernard the matter soon explain'd ;
Poor Dick had been a man of sense,
And so had turn'd King's evidence ;

The gallows Bernard now defied,
Since he'd a partner at his side ;
A farewell of his friends he took,
And hands with every body shook,
And begg'd that none of them would fail,
To see his exit from the jail.
He wish'd them happy lives and long,
And then departed with the throng ;
And when he went his parting way,
Had more of mirth than of dismay.

XXX.

No more of grief and starting tear ;
No more of jeopardy and fear,
For all are merry now and gay,
As in a fair or holiday.
Young Terence seizes Kitty's fist,
The lady smiles when she is kiss'd,
The history's unravelled quick,
That he's the son of Mr. Dick.
Dick's come—to hear and to display,
The miracles of this strange day.
What saw he?—not the cord to stretch,
Nor the assistant of Jack Ketch.—
What heard he? not the dreadful pop
The scaffold gives when on the drop—

Terence he saw and heard, quite glad,
Clasp'd him and sobb'd—"My lad! my lad!"

Love and fun have now their sway,
Kitty makes young Terence gay;
To the altar doth he lead her,
Guess the rest good Mr. Reader.

END OF CANTO SIXTH.

NOTES.



NOTES TO CANTO FIRST.



NOTE I.

*The Moon reflects the winter snow,
But mild and soft the zephyrs blow,
And, hiding half her face, the rain
Makes motley tincture of her train.*

St. I. p. 1.

These introductory lines are very similar to those of another poem which I lately noticed in a weekly paper of mine.—

*The Moon is in her summer glow,
But hoarse and high the breezes blow,
And, racking o'er her face, the cloud
Varies the tincture of her shroud—*

Rokeby.

In winter we seldom meet with *mild* and *soft* zephyrs, and is it not strange that the rain should not have washed away the snow?

DRAKARD.

We may as well meet with mild and soft zephyrs in the winter season, as with *hoarse* and *high* breezes in summer: the reader in the same stanza

Perceives an instantaneous thaw.

Jokeby.

And the changes of the moon are very poetically applied to those of guilty dreams.

When conscience, with remorse and dread,
Gives wandering fancy kicks in bed.

Jokeby.

I have already written a successful tragedy on *Remorse*, and probably I may make *Dread* or *Fear* the subject of my next, as the CRITIC, who laughed at my lines, has now, very fortunately for me, no share in the theatre.

COLERIDGE.

NOTE II.

Queen Mab at length rode 'thwart his nose.

St. II. p. 2.

This is borrowed from Mercutio's famous speech in Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet*. I have made use of the same quotation in my *Sleepwalker*.

OULTON.

NOTE III.

*Bring sprats and gin and cold strong beer,
Admit the lad and disappear.—St. V. p. 5.*

Cold strong beer in winter, is not so strange or uncommon as to *trim the fire* in Summer time—

Bring food and wine, and trim the fire,
Admit the stranger and retire—

Rokeby.

SHERIDAN.

NOTE IV.

*And drink the beer too, like a sot,
Tho' it was sixpence now a pot.—St. VII. p. 6.*

We need not wonder at the advanced price of porter, when bread and butcher's meat are so very dear—*Bella, horrida bella!!!*

BURDETT.

NOTE V.

*His pinch, with thumb and finger stout,
Forc'd the brown snuff-drop from the snout.*

St. XV. p. 14.

This bears a strong resemblance to another couplet,

His grasp, as hard as glove of mail,
Forc'd the red blood-drop from the nail.—

Rokeby.

Jokeby's *pinch* however is more natural than Rokeby's *grasp*; for it is customary for bullies to salute one another by the nose, as we find in Farquar's Comedy of the *Inconstant* and other old plays.

MALONE.

NOTE VI.

Hearts are not stone, for stones are hit;

Hearts are not oak, for oak is split.

St. XVII. p. 16.

Though this is rather harsh upon our *Hearts of Oak*, I grant it is a better parody than mine, on

Hearts are not flint, and flints are rent ;

Hearts are not steel and steel is bent.

Rokeby.

THE SATYRIST.

NOTE VII.

The Times for Reformation call.

St. XVIII. p. 18.

Indeed they do.

BURDETT.

NOTE VIII.

News, from the pen that quickly greet,

Spread fast as lightning thro' the street.

St. XIX. p. 18.

This is not so true as

Thoughts, from the tongue that slowly part,

Glance quick as lightning thro' the heart.

Rokeby.

For the two-penny post does not convey letters in such an expeditious manner, particularly to those who live off of the stones, as it is termed.

TAYLOR.

NOTE IX.

The heir of Jokeby's sole estate.

St. XXVII. p. 26.

Jokeby is a nick-name, as we read in Canto 4, Stanza VIII.

Bill, nick-named Jokeby by your friends.—

Nick-names are common among pilferers, as we may find in the *Neugate Calendar*. No doubt this old thief was renowned for cracking his Jokes, whereby he obtained the name of *Jokeby*.

ARIS.

NOTE X.

*For William, gentle, meek and coy,
Was Fancy's spoil'd and naughty boy;
In her fine curricule of brass,
She bade him ride with his sweet lass:
Or did with gems and diamonds mock,
And left him crowing like a cock.*

St. XXX. p. 30.

The author seems at home here in his description.

DUDLEY.

NOTE XI.

*For Bernard is——Zooks he doth come,
He is a son of a——but mum.*

There is something humorous and natural in the conclusion of this Canto, and far surpasses

Bertram is——what I must not tell—
I hear his hasty step——farewel!

Rokeby.

Which, in my opinion, is lame and unpoetical.

INCHEALD.

NOTES TO CANTO SECOND.

NOTE I.

*And the poor lamplighter, I ween,
Wore linen that was seldom clean.*

St. III. p. 33.

I should be surprised if he did even on a Sunday. For my part, I am an enemy to the frequent changing of linen, as I deem it very unwholesome.

ANTHONY PASQUIN.

NOTE II.

Thick as the hobbies of man's pride.

St. VII. p. 41.

Every man has his hobby, you know, and I speak a dissertation on hobbies, you know, for my hobby is to perform for benefits, you know.

COATES.

NOTE III.

*Seem'd that these bucks to quarrel took,
'Bout what they never read—the Book.*

St. IX. p. 42.

This *untitled* Book is at length published, but is not *the* book possessed by

THE EXAMINER.

NOTE IV.

*Hearts hard as Rock, as iron stout,
Which kick'd both love and pity out,
Have quak'd like feathers in the wind,
Beneath the terrors of the mind.*

St. XI. p. 44.

This is another Imitation.—

*Hearts firm as steel, as marble hard,
'Gainst faith and love and pity barr'd,
Have quak'd like aspen leaves in May,
Beneath its universal sway.*

Rokeby.

INCHEALD.

NOTE V.

*Of Imogene, who falsely bragg'd,
And whom to hell Alonzo dragg'd.*

St. XI. p. 45.

Alluding to *Alonzo the Brave* and *the Fair Imogene*, said to be written by the author of the *Castle Spectre*, but who has certainly borrowed this, as well as the above play, from a rejected one of mine, which I sent to the Proprietors of Drury-Lane. Being in the habit of looking for old stories, to enable me to write pieces for the Surrey Theatre, &c. I met with the original of *Alonzo the Brave*, which I here subjoin for the purpose of proving the plagiary and trusting that Authors in future will

LOOK AT HOME.

Late of Pembroke College.



YOUNG DAMON AND PHILLIS.

1.

YOUNG Damon and Phillis, whose hearts were entwined,
Who felt for each other a flame,
Oft talked of the vows that ought lovers to bind,
Young Damon was handsome and Phillis was kind,
Their wishes, though few, were the same.

2.

At length spoke the youth, since my parents command
My presence across the deep main,
You'll forget me too soon, and give your fair hand
To one who can boast of more wealth and more land,
Than Damon, the lad of the plain.

3.

Shame on you, said Phillis, to think thus of her
Whose happiness centers in you ;
Be you living—or dead—nought shall me deter
Or force me another 'fore you to prefer ;
To Damon alone I'll be true.

4.

May your spectre appal me on that fatal day
When wedded to any but thee,
May my blood cease to flow—may my flesh all decay,
Corrupt and rot of—may hell seize me as prey,
May your ghost from this bosom my heart pluck away,
And thus to the grave with me flee.

5.

Contented to India young Damon then went,
For Phillis his loss much deplor'd,
Till gazing one day on his picture intent,
Young Thomas (whose love for her nought could augment)
Confessed that 'twas her he ador'd.

6.

His language so sweet join'd with sighs so well tim'd,
(His suit to refuse made her loth)
He vanquished her scruples—she opened her mind,
For soon, much too soon, she that fatal deed signed,
Which helpmates for life made them both.

7.

Scarce married and placed in the midst of their friends,
On merriment all were intent;
When slowly the green-painted wainscot unbends,
A flame of blue light from the ceiling descends,
The walls of the mansion were rent.

8.

Then Phillis, half wild, in surprize looked around,
For him who had caused this dismay,
His eyes flashing fire, he turned to the ground:
He spake not—but vented so piercing a sound,
A sound that the wind blew away.

9.

His aspect was grim, and his clothing shone bright,
His manners to all appear'd strange;
His pestiferous breath each object did blight,
Young Thomas looked pallid, so great was his fright,
And direful to all was the change.

10.

The guests, who before ne'er such terrors had seen,
In silence prepared to depart;
When Phillis spoke this (as she grew more serene)
Pray, sir, may I ask what your presence may mean?
What is it you wish to impart?

11.

No more, said the lady, the unknown complices,
But first he his garments unbound,
In terror she gazed on his fierce rolling eyes,
His blood-mangled frame, as he quits his disguise,
And solemnly paces the ground.

12.

In horror they all turn'd their faces away,
The blood trickled down from his side,
His arms both were wither'd, his flesh did display
Such worm-eaten holes—that not one dar'd to stay,
While angry he spoke to the bride :

13.

See you Damon's arrived, on this fatal day,
Your promise you've broken with me ;
Let your blood cease to flow ! let your flesh all decay,
Corrupt and rot off, let hell seize you as prey,
For I'll from that bosom your heart pluck away,
And hence to the grave with you flee !!!

14.

The damsel he seized with his cold clammy hands,
And tore from her bosom her heart,
While vain is the contest, in vain she withstands,
Or resists his power, for the wainscot expands,
And, howling, they through it depart.

15.

E'en the bridegroom was seized with pains so severe,
 But shortly he Phillis survived;
 And noises so strange in the house you may hear,
 When in the green Chamber her ghost does appear,
 For oft are her torments revived.

16.

At times when the children of men are fast bound,
 And fettered by sleep's healing sway,
 Damon and Phillis, when the curfew does sound,
 Appear both by devils encircled around,
 While piece-meal her flesh does decay.

17.

They feast on the bodies of new-mangled babes,
 With pleasure they drink up their gore;
 Their chief on the wainscot this motto engraves,
 May she be destroyed who as Phillis behaves,
 And none her just fate e'er deplore.

NOTE VI.

*For as such folk must always stretch,
 They swore that he beheld a Fetch.*

St. XII. p. 46.

The Sons of Erin are prone to superstition, and it is common, even to this day, for the lower class to talk of a *Fetch*, which is admirably described in the following line.

This is a kind of *living* ghost.

LEFANU.

NOTE VII.

*Which having burn'd some hours or so,
Was very nearly on the go.*

St. XVI. p. 50.

Go is used substantively here for *departure*—the meaning is—the rush-light which had been left so long burning, was very near being burnt out.

MURRAY.

NOTE VIII.

Of Avershaw, Bill Jones and Lake.

St. XVIII. p. 50.

Three noted rogues—I remember committing one of them.

GRAHAM.

NOTES TO CANTO THIRD.

NOTE I.

*A form more nimble, strait and stout,
Never walk'd Westminster about.*

St. V. p. 69.

This transposition of the preposition is severely censured by some critics, but we may frequently find it in other poets.

*A form more active, light and strong,
Ne'er shot the ranks of war along.*

Rokeby.

MURRAY.

NOTE II.

*Where stands a new Jerusalem,
Which to its neighbours is a gem ;
So bad the houses, 'tis allow'd,
That New Jerusalem looks proud ;
But those attending on its call,
Must turn their backs upon St. Paul.*

St. VIII. p. 72.

In my *Sketch of Religions*, I have mentioned the tenets of the *New Jerusalem*, and whence this Church took its name. I have also observed that Mr. Proud is one of the ministers; but, I believe, he never preached in Dudley-Court.

EVANS.

The author does not mean St. Paul's Church here, but St. Paul's *Epistles*, which the Ministers of the *New Jerusalem* never read.

BELLAMY.

NOTE III.

*Remorse was there, in doleful dumps,
With vain repining on his trumps;
Among the guests too also came,
Sorrow and undissembled Shame,
And Blasphemy, stark staring mad,
Swearing by all that's good and bad—
While Bernard prov'd among the crew,
The master-savage Shakespeare drew.*

St. XIV. p. 80.

By *Trumps* we must understand *Means* here. I have met with the word signifying an *expedient*, in some of our old authors. The master-savage Shakespeare drew, is in his play of the *Tempest*, and is certainly equal to

The master-fiend that Milton drew.

Rokeby.

MALONE.

NOTE IV.

*But half after old Nick I take,
For I believe, but never quake.*

St. XX. p. 87.

We read in Scripture—"the devils believe and tremble.",

Mine is but half the demon's lot,
For I believe, but tremble not.

Rokeby.

R. HILL.

NOTE V.

*And rose, as men with us must rise,
By scorning KETCH and all his TIES.*

St. XX. p. 88.

There's some wit in this couplet, and the last line concludes with a neat pun.

COLMAN.

NOTE VI.

And gain the prize—so help me, Bob!

St. XXVII. p. 96.

Help me, Bob is a common invocation among pick pockets.

ARIS.

NOTES TO CANTO FOURTH.

NOTE I.

*The mounting blood, then dancing wild,
Rivalled the carrot that is boil'd.*

St. IV. p. 102.

This is a beautiful simile, and far surpasses

*The mantling blood in ready play,
Rivall'd the blush of rising day.*

Rokeby.

REYNOLDS.

NOTE II.

*The tear, which childhood's cheek runs o'er,
Is like the milk-drop on the floor;
When next Grimalkin passes by,
And laps it up, the ground is dry.*

St. XI. p. 109.

There is a strong similitude in these to the following couplets;

The tear, down childhood's cheek that flows,
Is like the dew-drop on the rose ;
When next the summer breeze comes by,
And waves the bush, the flower is dry.

Rokeby.

MORTON.

NOTE III.

*Now some, a good name to destroy,
Found out a mother for the boy ;
At modest virtue they took aim,
And held up innocence to shame ;
And as such wretches ne'er are loth,
To take a false—a damning oath ;
They swore they knew the time and spot,
Where he was merrily begot.*

St. XVI. p. 114.

What a just picture of the scandal of the day ! I regret that I have not a seat in the house, or I should certainly propose an act for the suppression of wicked tongues ; for I agree with Jokeby,

Indeed 'till wicked tongues are stopp'd,
'Tis dangerous a child to adopt.

SHERIDAN.

NOTE IV.

*Where is that song now ? 'tis forgot ;
Or torn perhaps—or gone to pot.*

Gone to pot! excellent! The reader may understand what he pleases by this.

COLMAN.

NOTE V.

He swore by gosh it was no sham.

St. XXX. p. 130.

A common oath this among the vulgar.

ARIS.

NOTES TO CANTO FIFTH.

NOTE I.

*And while the cheerful faggots crack,
Tuck'd up his skirts and warm'd his back.*

St. III. p. 125.

That's the way I warm myself when I play the *Foundling of the Forest*, as it is "holding up the mirror to nature."

ELLISTON.

NOTE II.

*Nor can I hear a merry tune,
That I don't think of Dublin soon;
Where oft at Heck-ball I have smiled,
The king of beggars he was styled.*

St. X. p. 141.

Our author has made Terence too old, for it is upwards of thirty years when HECKBALL reigned the King of Beggars.

OWENSON.

NOTE III.

*His wig which almost touch'd his lip,
Seem'd to have been a penny dip.*

You may have a penny dip in Rosemary-Lane for a wig, and a laughable lottery it is—it would make an excellent scene in a pantomime.

GRIMALDI.

NOTE IV.

*Like conjuration did it mock,
As Ingleby's new-headed cock.*

St. XVI. p. 147.

This was a simple trick, performed by Ingleby at the Minor Theatre, which I exposed.

GINGLES.

NOTE V.

*As waiting but their chieftain's look,
To give a sure and fatal stroke.*

St. XXV. p. 157.

I don't approve of this rhyme, but it is certainly better than the following:

*As waiting but their chieftain's word,
To make their fatal volley heard.*

Rokeby.

The author of *Jokeby* is in general correct in his rhyme, and particularly so in his metre. I was astonished to find *real* used as a monosyllable in a modern poem.

Of feelings real and fancies vain.

Rokeby.

It would have been better if the author had made a monosyllable of *Stewards*.

Sure stewards they, if fitting spell
Their service to the task compel.

Rokeby.

Such a miserable line as the first I have not met with in the six cantos of *Jokeby*.

DIMOND.



NOTES TO CANTO SIXTH.



NOTE I.

The dog, by turning round and round,

Had made his bed upon the ground.

St. I. p. 166.

Every dog takes three or four turns before he lies down. Being an old sportsman, I was once asked the reason of this, and my answer was—"A dog always looks for the head of his bed."

THORNTON.

NOTE II.

Dost agree

That I've guess'd right? "Yes, to a T."

St. VI. p. 173.

T is a contraction here for *tittle*.

A SCHOOLMASTER.

NOTE III.

*Ne'er on the stage in any part,
Was seen so fine a tragic start
As Maddox gave.*

St. VIII. p. 175.

I flatter myself the author has never seen me in *Alexander the Great*.
BETTY.

NOTE IV.

*He broke the seal—he gave a stare,
Frantic, terrific, fierce and queer.*

St. IX. p. 176.

This is equally as beautiful and sublime as

*He broke the seal—his cheek show'd change,
Sudden, portentous, wild and strange.*

Rokeby.

INCHBALD.

NOTE V.

By my dexterity I boned.

St. XII. p. 179.

To bone is to steal, in the vulgar tongue. I studied the language when I wrote my *School of Reform*.

MORTON.

NOTE VI.

Then I am dish'd by all that's bad.

St. XXI. p. 188.

That is—I am ruined.

MORTON.

NOTE VII.

The runners running here and there.

St. XXII. p. 190.

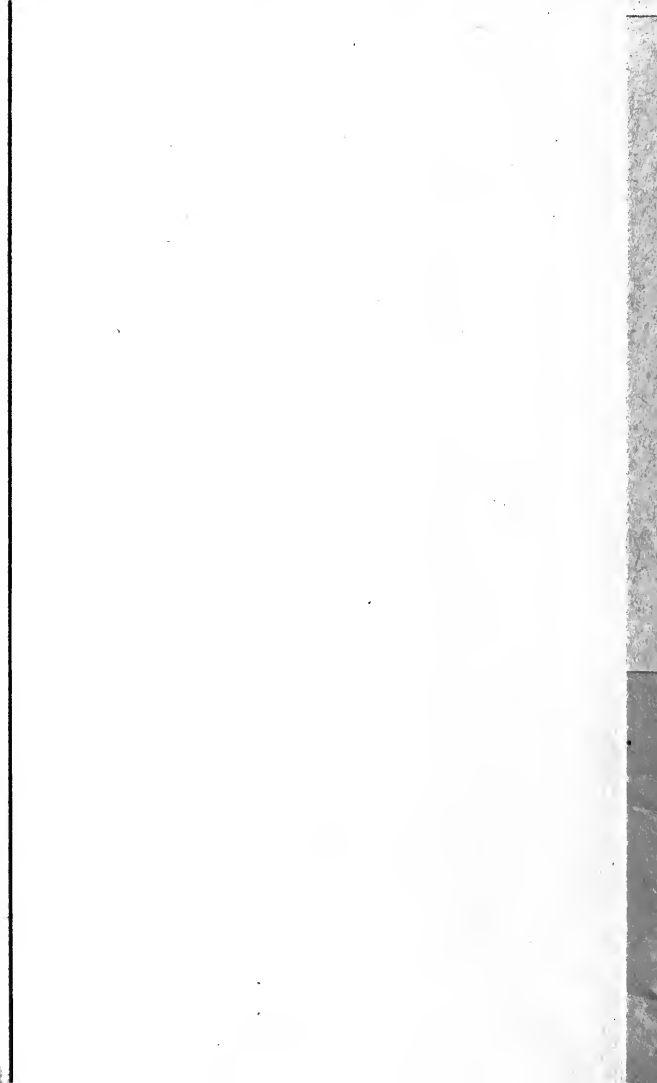
This is a miserable pun, if intended for one. The author was more happy in the preceding cantos.

By which he *dickied* his friend Dick.—p. 74.

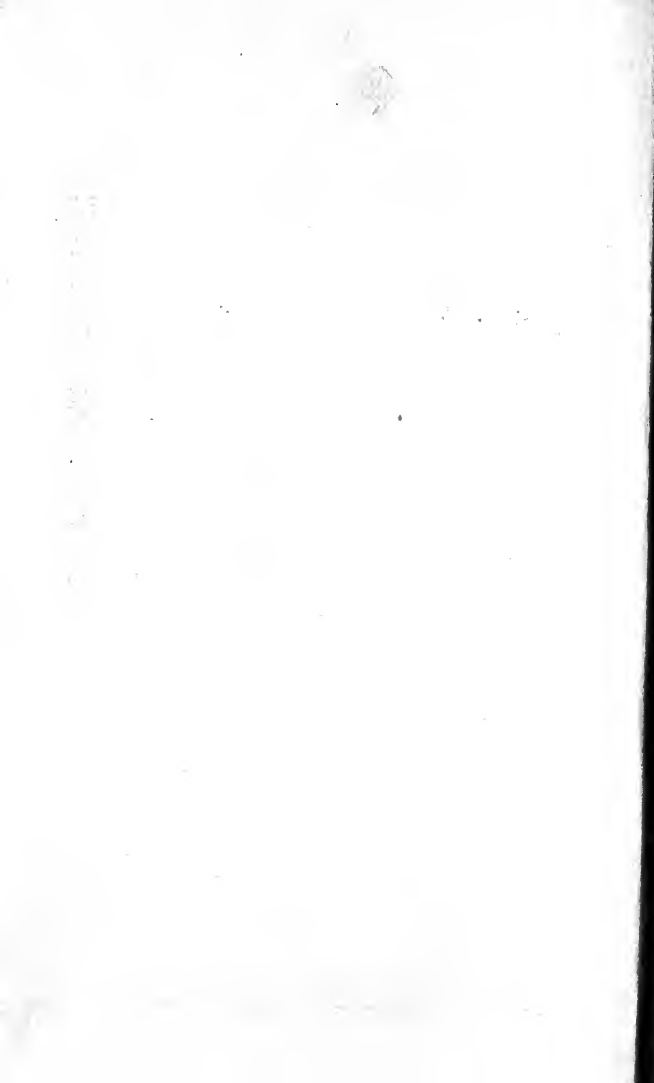
Most *head-strong* when he'd a *crack'd nob*.—p. 89.

COLMAN.

FINIS.







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